★ JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 9, 1940 TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1795

WHAT THE BALKAN DRIVE MEANS
By A.G.G.

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by the EDITOR

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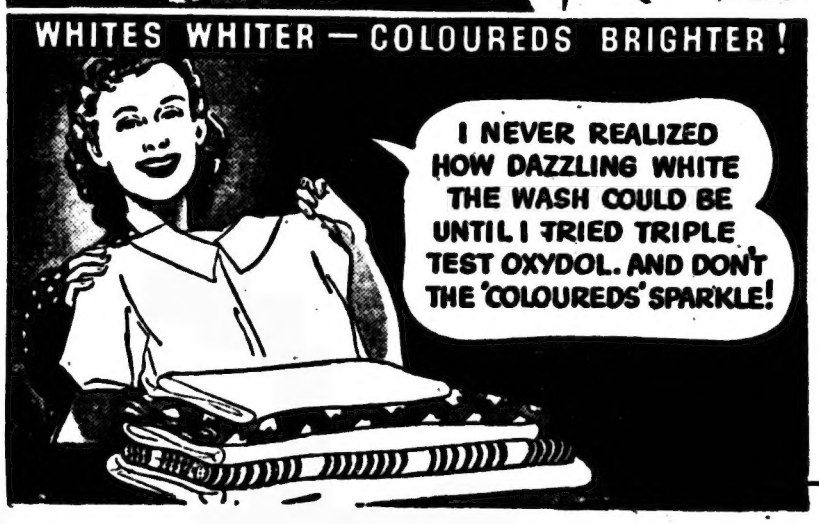
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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 9, 1940.
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"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

PLAN BOLDLY THIS WINTER!

WAR machine of the United States is to be geared to Britain's needs. We shall have first call on Uncle Sam's immense industrial power.

In return, the U.S.A. will draw freely on the raw materials of the British Empire.

Negotiations between London and Washington are complete, hint American diplomats. The comprehensive economic partnership between the two richest countries—exclusively forecast by JOHN BULL months ago—is likely to be the year's greatest event.

Look to Britain!

Yet it must be treated only as a beginning. It must not encourage us to neglect the great resources of our own tiny island.

Now is the time to launch our winter programme.

Mr. Churchill's Government has done big things in a big way. Much remains to shame us.

"More guns; ample food!" must be our slogan.

And guns, shells, the Fighting Forces, civilian resistance to Goering's bombs—all depend on food.

No Milk Rationing

Let it be said at once that there is no prospect of severe food shortage. But the position is capable of improvement.

Lord Woolton says that milk rationing is not likely. He should be able to assure us that milk will *never* be rationed.

Truth is that not half our agricultural land is yet producing its maximum supplies.

Neglect

Let Mr. Churchill read this letter from one of his high Civil Service officials, evacuated to a fertile agricultural district:

"Neglect and missed opportunities cry out from thistle-infested fields, choked drains, magnificent half-occupied farmhouses and mighty half-empty barns.

"The Worcester weed, which is the characteristic feature of the scene, conveys a sense of the vast inertia of the countryside.

"I wonder what Hitler or Stalin would make of it!"

Half-Derelict Farms

Devon labourers ask the same question. They point to half-derelict farms that should supply the whole country with food and ease the strain on our Merchant Navy.

Mr. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, has done better than his predecessors.

For the first time, every inch of agricultural land has been surveyed, its capabilities assessed.

Now let Mr. Hudson see that those capabilities are used to their fullest extent!

Now's the Time

It has been made easy for farmers to get the fertilisers they need. They must also get the tools and men they require.

They must no longer be hampered by the cumbrous machinery of existing marketing boards. The model should be the simple methods by which a plum glut was avoided this year.

Winter brings an opportunity for hedging and ditching, drainage and drought-prevention.

Go to it, Mr. Hudson, and our land will be made richer than ever before in our history, the whole nation assured of better and bigger food supplies!

Could Help Industry

During the winter, also, we must train and equip a great Army. It will be needed for a Spring offensive.

But when their training is finished, do not let our troops be idle. Instead of concert parties to relieve their boredom, give them the satisfaction of working for Britain. Release skilled men for industry as circumstances permit.

Farm workers, engineers, electricians—such skilled classes should be temporarily "loaned" by the Army to meet civil needs.

Release Them Now

More telephone linesmen should be sent on leave to help repair bombed Post Office circuits. Bring back to the cities those demolition workers who are now in khaki.

Small sections of the Army have done grand work in clearing up bomb wreckage and maintaining vital services. More should be released for this task without impairing military efficiency.

But the civil authorities must show themselves worthy of this co-operation.

This is Sheer Waste

They are not salving the bomb wreckage.

Bricks and rubble are being dumped into rivers, which will have to be dredged after the war, instead of sending them to concrete factories or using them for foundations on marshy land.

Mr. Morrison must stop this idiotic waste as firmly as he ordered road craters to be filled.

Evacuation Problems

Problems, too, for Mr. MacDonald.

Evacuation grievances must not cause social dissensions.

Pathetic letters, too long to quote, reach JOHN BULL from refugees who have been made to feel that they are not wanted in rural areas.

Swindon, in particular, seems a black spot; much trouble could be avoided if billeting officers from London were sent with evacuees.

Too often the local council officers know nothing of Londoners' habits, fail to smooth out differences between the newcomers and their hosts.

Plight of Homeless

Still there are sad, maddening reports of homeless and penniless people having to tramp from one office to another in search of help.

Some public assistance committees still treat these victims of war as social lepers, doling out a few shillings with the air of conferring charity.

One large family, bombed out of home, was given a loan of £10 to buy clothing and a little furniture and to pay rent in a new house.

That was weeks ago, but they cannot get another penny. The Lord Mayor's Fund refuses to assist them.

Backing for Industry

Alleviation of such disgraces should be as urgent a part of our winter programme as big work schemes (see "Red Tape Worse than Bombs," page 10). We cannot allow public morale to be weakened.

Not an hour should be lost in arms factories because of raid alarms. But still some workers take shelter when no danger is near.

Tens of thousands of new workers must be trained for munition and aircraft work.

But "non-essential" industries must not be entirely closed down. They can supply goods that our foreign customers want.

Springtime Attack

In the field of strategy, we must seize our opportunity of knocking Italy out of the Axis.

JOHN BULL can reveal that a British secret weapon, held in case of invasion, is now being used against the Italians. With useful results!

Soon we should have new bases from which to bomb Mussolini's war plants.

German admission that the Nazis are now preparing against a British invasion of Germany should give us confidence that, if we use all our resources, next Spring should find our position so strong that Victory will be assured.

(Continued overleaf)

Bright Spots

● **Hitler and Mussolini dislike their position so much that they are trying to develop a Franco-Spanish peace movement.**

● *Germany and Britain would give each other a guarantee to secure respective "spheres of interest."*

● London and Washington have already made plans to counteract a peace campaign that will be more cunning and plausible than usual.

● **Rumanian oil output since Nazi occupation has mysteriously failed to come up to expectations. Nazis blame British secret service; failure to secure adequate transport is the real reason.**

● *Greatest Axis fear is that, unless Greece is defeated quickly, British use of her aerodromes will bring Rumanian oilfields, war factories in Austria and Italian bases in the Adriatic within easy reach of our bombers.*

● **Italians bitterly resent German control of Italian public services, including the Italian secret police.**

AIR RAIDS · BOMBARDMENT · INVASION

£200 INSURANCE POLICY* FREE FOR EVERY READER

★ UNDERWRITTEN AT LLOYD'S

See page 6

BEHIND THE NEWS

● Aim of Axis moves in the Balkans is to isolate Turkey. Yet Turkey did not mobilise as soon as Greece was invaded, because she considers Soviet Russia to be her big brother, would much rather wait for the word "go" from Moscow before taking up arms against the Axis.

● **Joe Stalin is still a bit suspicious of Britain. He wants proof that we are really on the winning side. When Britain scores a victory over the attackers of Greece, he will be ready to show his hand.**

● *Stalin knows that Germany covets his richest territories, and his pact with Berlin was designed to give him time to improve his defences.*

● Joe may hasten intervention if the British Navy sends the Italian Fleet to Davy Jones's locker, or if German troops march through Bulgaria to attack Greece. That's another reason for Turkey's attitude of watching and waiting.

● *With the full approval of Britain, Turkey aims by her policy of non-belligerency to keep Bulgarian heads cool. She hopes that Bulgaria will not find an excuse for inviting Hitler to march in as long as the Balkan war is confined to Greece. Hitler is not particularly eager to fight on a new front.*

● **Adolf thought that Greece would not resist; that Mussolini would have a walk-over. Then Turkey, isolated, would be less likely to oppose Axis "infiltration," or, if she had to be conquered, Stalin would be appeased by a large slice of her poorer provinces.**

● *Command of Turkey would give the Dictators an open road to the oilfields of Iraq and Iran, their real goal. Despite his wishes, Hitler will probably have to fight a Balkan campaign to save the face of his partner.*

● **In taking on fresh responsibilities, Britain gains in one respect. Rugged coastline of Greece gives us new bases for our Mediterranean Fleets.**

● Hitherto we have had—in the eastern Mediterranean—only the bases of Alexandria, Port Said and Suez in Egypt, Haifa in Palestine, Cyprus, and Malta, which is only sixty miles away from Italian Sicily.

● *Italians, in the same area, have three bases in Libya; three in Sicily; Pantelleria, near Sicily; Leros and Rhodes, off the Turkish coast and east of Greece. Mussolini's aircraft have a short journey to Greece from their bases in southern Italy or Albania. Spitfires and Hurricanes, recently sent to Egypt, will no doubt be taken across to Greece from which to operate.*

● **Italian campaign in Egypt itself has failed to please Nazi High Command. Not for the first time, Hitler's time-table has been thrown out of gear. It was hoped for the fall of Greece would coincide with the capture of the fertile valleys of the Nile. At the same time, Spain would relinquish ports to enable the German Fleet to cut off our trade with Africa and the U.S.A.**

● **Gibraltar would be taken, thus making it impossible for us to send reinforcements to the Mediterranean. The different situation that confronts Hitler explains the "mediation" offer he made to Greece when he realised that not all the world is willing to fall at the blast of Axis trumpets.**

Hardships Imposed on Bombed-out Families; Rent Demanded for Uninhabitable Houses; Problem of Town Schools for Village Children; How Councils Fail in Big Drive to Collect Salvage; Army Shows Us Best Way to Waste Petrol; Tax Wallahs Help

(Continued from preceding page)

BOMBED-OUT families from London must pay billeting rent for new lodgings. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald has given the order.

Rents range from 7s. 6d. to 10s. a week, which sounds fair enough. But many of these families are still having to pay rent on their ruined houses in London!

Typical example: A woman's flat was shattered, most of her possessions blown into the street.

All the doors and windows have been ripped out, the walls are holed and cracked.

But the landlord demands next month's rent.

Cabinet Must Speak

Law on this subject is so uncertain that property owners are planning to take a test case to the High Court.

That will be a lengthy process.

The Cabinet should at once issue an order, under the Defence Regulations, making it clear that rent cannot be demanded for an uninhabitable house.

What D'You Make of It?

Another problem demands the attention of Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, new President of the Board of Trade.

Roadway outside a London house was blown up. The Water Board has reconnected the water supply without charge to the householder.

But the Gas Light and Coke Company demands £6 for resuming the supply of gas, even though the pipes in the house were not damaged.

This £29,000,000 company has a large reserve fund.

If You've Been Robbed

Quick remedy is promised for the profiteering by furniture removers, whose victims are the families forced to leave much-bombed areas.

Three times the normal charge is often demanded.

Col. Moore-Brabazon, Minister of Transport, will make the contractors repay excess charges.

People exploited should write to him.

Nice Work, What!

Employee of the House of Commons, granted two days' leave to salvage what remained of his bombed home, has been stopped two days' pay.

M.P.s can stay away for months, but still get their £600 a year.

Glaring Anomalies

Salvage of household refuse presents equally glaring anomalies.

Mr. Judd, Salvage Controller, assures JOHN BULL that local authorities are selling material at the rate of £10,000 a day. Supposing that rate is maintained, is £365,000 a year really impressive?

In peace time scrap merchants had a turnover of a hundred million pounds a year.

How to Help Him

Local councils are still not giving Mr. Judd the maximum support.

Matlock has spent £1,385 to collect waste worth £460. Many councils continue to ruin householders' efforts by throwing clean bundles of paper into the ordinary dustcarts.

Any reader who finds that happening, says Mr. Judd, should write to him at the Ministry of Supply if the local council ignores protests.

In the Army Now . . .

"No reason why every man shouldn't have a hot bath every day, the moment he finishes duty," said a commanding officer to recruits.

Four hundred men smiled. Their camp has three baths and three showers.

They train each day until 6.30 p.m., cannot bath then because the bath-house has no black-out. So they have to queue up for hours on Saturday and Sunday afternoons—their only free time.

Would the War Office like to know the name of the camp concerned?

No Socks for Soldiers

Many soldiers complain that when their Army socks are worn out by heavy route marches they cannot get a fresh issue.

They have to buy them from their scanty pocket-money.

Surely Britain is still rich enough to clothe its troops?

Wasting His Ration

Matter for the civil authorities, not for the Army, is a stupidity annoying many a soldier on seven days' leave. He must tax his car till the end of the quarter; short-term tax is allowed only to men home from foreign service.

A JOHN BULL man, granted a week's leave, had to waste his petrol ration by driving from Bromley to Maidstone in order to pay the full quarter's tax.

There's No Reason in It

Strangest example of wasted petrol comes from a West Country town, where a baker is authorised to supply bread to troops stationed in the neighbourhood.

But he isn't allowed to drive his vans round to the various depots in the town. Red tape compels him to drive to another town twenty-five miles away. Then two Army lorries take the bread back to the first town.

That happens every day—an unnecessary journey of a hundred miles.

Squandermaniacs

More general method of squandering petrol and time is to take children each day to central schools eight or ten miles distant.

The system also ensures that the children are more exposed to air attack, and often arrive tired by a long journey, while local schools are left half empty.

Village youngsters are given a hankering for town life, and a contempt for land work.

The Best Way Out

Idea that the central schools can provide more advanced education hardly seems to be justified by its many disadvantages.

Better, surely, to improve the existing "home schools," at present neglected in favour of the expensively equipped central schools.

Bright scholars should be selected at the age of ten or eleven and sent to a secondary school. That would be an honour to them, whereas it is no honour to be sent to a central school at a certain age irrespective of capability.

Moreover, only about a quarter of the children now in central schools are capable of higher education.

Finally, secondary schools should be extended and opened to all promising but poor youngsters.

Does "Beaver" Know?

Is Lord Beaverbrook aware that further dismissals have taken place at a great aircraft factory?

The first wave of dismissals, some time ago, aroused a breeze in Parliament. Other skilled workers have now been given notice on the pretexts of over-staffing and shortage of work.

But their places have been filled by men from another factory.

Changes Indicated

Merchant Navy engineers, conscripted into the Royal Navy, hoped to qualify for the Board of Trade certificate, essential for a man who aims at a successful career under the old Red Duster.

But they will be debarred because of service in the Navy.

Regulations are made to be altered.

The Board of Trade will do the alterations—we hope!

No Bread for Nazis

Lord Woolton's announcement that Canada can supply us with three years' wheat requirements ends the rumoured possibility of a "war loaf."

Germany is faced with a smaller bread ration, at present 80 oz. a week. Plundered Poland's ration is only 35 oz.

No Balkan conquest is likely to increase Germans' rations of fats—10½ oz. a week.

Poland gets only 2 oz.

They Groan About This!

Oddly, perhaps, four Nazi-enslaved peoples are allowed more than Germany's sugar rations of 10½ oz. But France gets a mere 2 oz., Denmark 4 oz.

Germany can provide only 3½ oz. of coffee substitute a week. Norwegians and Danes have to make shift with less than 2 oz.

Remember these figures if you're ever tempted to bemoan our own rationing figures.

We'll Remember Him!

We regret to announce the death, by enemy action, of Mr. Norman A. Brackenbury, a solicitor member of JOHN BULL'S Legal Staff.

His expert knowledge saved thousands of readers from legal difficulties.

His kindly, unassuming character will be long remembered by his colleagues, who offer his wife their deep condolences.

MONEY WATCHDOGS MUST BARK!

ALL wage and salary earners, all private citizens living on their means, and broadly speaking, all individual men and women throughout the country, are constantly urged to save and to lend.

They have made, and are making, a good response to this incessant appeal. They have done well, they are told that they must do better still.

Our leading politicians, our newspapers and our broadcasting service, are all supporting the campaign.

JOHN BULL supports it, too, but we believe that example is better than precept and, as the unsleeping watchdog of our readers' interests, we are bound to growl at all official waste of public money.

This war is costing more than nine millions a day, and the price of victory will steadily mount higher.

We are pledging our credit almost to the limit as it is, and we cannot hope to keep that credit good except by the maximum economy and self-denial of the entire community.

That includes the Government, the Fighting Services, and the Local Authorities. They can't *lend* money because they have none of their own. But they *can* get value for the money *we* lend to them.

THEY ARE NOT ALWAYS DOING IT. ON THE CONTRARY, AS "JOHN BULL" HAS FREQUENTLY POINTED OUT IN RECENT MONTHS, A CONSIDERABLE PART OF THE NATIONAL RESOURCES IS BEING DRAINED AWAY THROUGH CARELESSNESS, INEFFICIENCY, MUDDLE AND PLAIN TOMFOOLERY.

ONCE AGAIN, THEREFORE, WE SAY "DAM THIS WASTE! STOP THE LEAKS AND WHERE NECESSARY, SACK THE DUFFERS!"

Let the watchdogs bark! The Select Committee on National Expenditure has set up sub-committees to enquire into every branch of national spending and the barks of these official "watchdogs" have been recorded in a series of reports issued, at prices varying between twopence and sixpence, by His Majesty's Stationery Office.

They make instructive reading, but scarcely anybody reads them.

They supply admirable texts for economy sermons, but no public "preacher" refers to them.

All the pundits and the politicians, all the "bigwigs" and the bureaucrats, keep on telling us where our duty lies, but, with the solitary exception of Mr. Herbert Morrison, nobody seems to warn the money spenders to "go easy" with our money.

Even Mr. Morrison issued a warning and a blank cheque simultaneously. When he told the local government authorities that the Government would foot all reasonable bills for A.R.P., he only promised what the conscience and common-sense of the country was bound to approve.

When, however, he coupled this promise with an urgent personal appeal not to fill in that blank cheque for a penny more than was strictly necessary, he earned, or should have earned, the gratitude of all taxpayers.

For the truth is that the country could save untold millions if every public official empowered to spend public money did so as carefully and thriftily and far-sightedly as though each penny came out of his own pocket.

JOHN BULL realises that the need for quick results must sometimes override the need for economy. We can excuse occasional "waste" on this account.

What we can't and won't forgive is wastage caused by the overlapping of departments, the petty piques and jealousies of different services, or the slap-dash "swank" of little "tin gods" jingling our money in their pockets.

"CAMOUFLAGE" was the subject of the most recent report by one of the "watchdog" sub-committees on National Expenditure.

It found that this important branch of modern warfare was controlled simultaneously by the Admiralty, the War Office, the Air Ministry, the Ministry of Home Security and the Ministry of Supply!

IT COULDN'T UNDERSTAND—AND NOR CAN WE—WHY ALL THE EXISTING CAMOUFLAGE DEPARTMENTS SHOULD NOT "BE UNITED IN A SINGLE ORGANISATION WITH ITS OWN RESEARCH STAFF."

THIS WOULD MEAN CHEAPER AND BETTER CAMOUFLAGE, AND IT WOULD SPEED UP THE RATE AT WHICH VITAL INDUSTRIAL POINTS CAN BE SUCCESSFULLY CONCEALED FROM ENEMY BOMBERS.

Another recent report deals with the money the country is spending on propaganda films.

Reading between the carefully worded lines of this report JOHN BULL gathers

That our official films for home propaganda have been almost a total loss because the Ministry of Information has never made up its mind what it wants to "put over";

That our "documentaries" are too late to be good, and reach no more than a third of the kinemas even then;

That the bulk of our film propaganda effort in foreign countries has been left in the hands of British Press Attachés, who have, with rare exceptions, submitted no reports whatever, and don't, apparently, attach the slightest importance to pushing this particular and important brand of British goods in the foreign market.

WE CONCLUDE THAT A HIGH PERCENTAGE OF ALL THE TIME AND MONEY SPENT ON BRITISH PROPAGANDA FILMS HAS BEEN A DEAD LOSS.

SPACE is lacking for even the most cursory examination of *all* the "Watchdog Committee" reports, but we can assure our readers that every one of them gives food for anxious thought.

In some instances this casual disregard of essential business considerations has led to the purchase at grave loss of factory sites where power was either unobtainable or extravagantly costly.

The latest report of the Committee of Public Accounts—another of our useful "watchdogs"—contains many instances of this kind of waste.

None of them was new to JOHN BULL, and we had drawn our readers' attention to several of them months ago, but we may recall the remarkable case of a certain works, originally estimated to cost £760,000, which was not completed until it had actually cost three and a half millions.

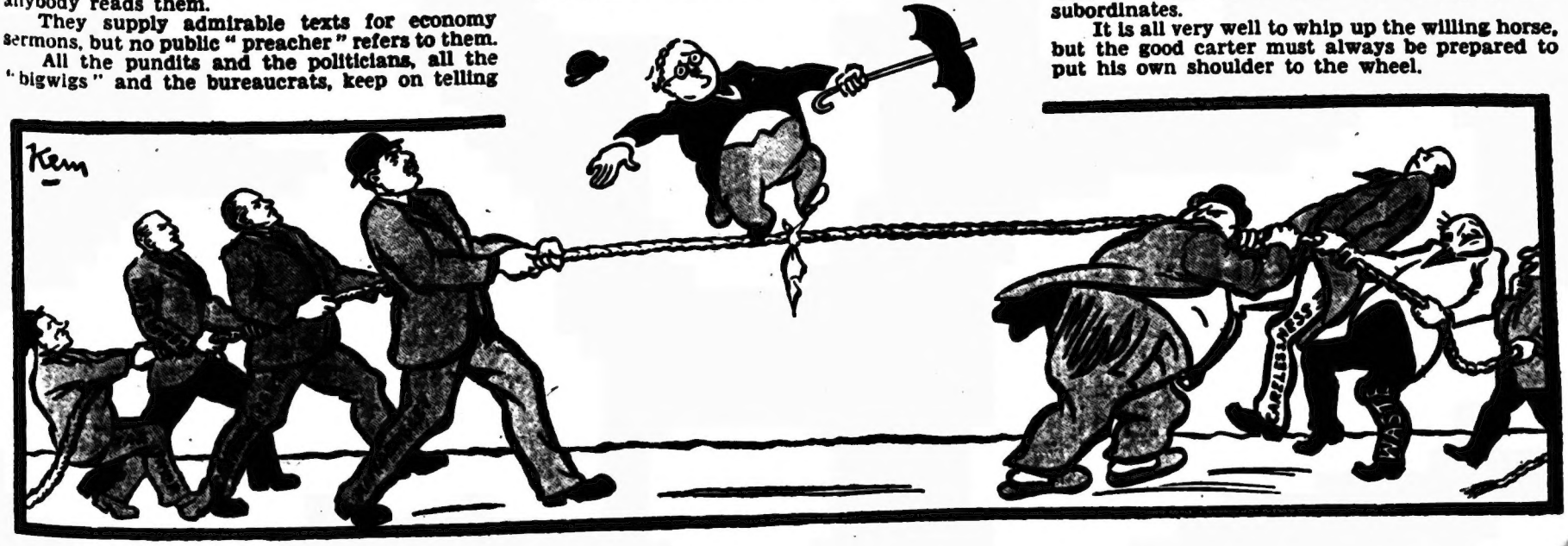
And remind them that another site, chosen for the construction of an aircraft repair depot, was not abandoned as unsuitable until £250,000 of good public money had been sunk in extensive excavation and piling work!

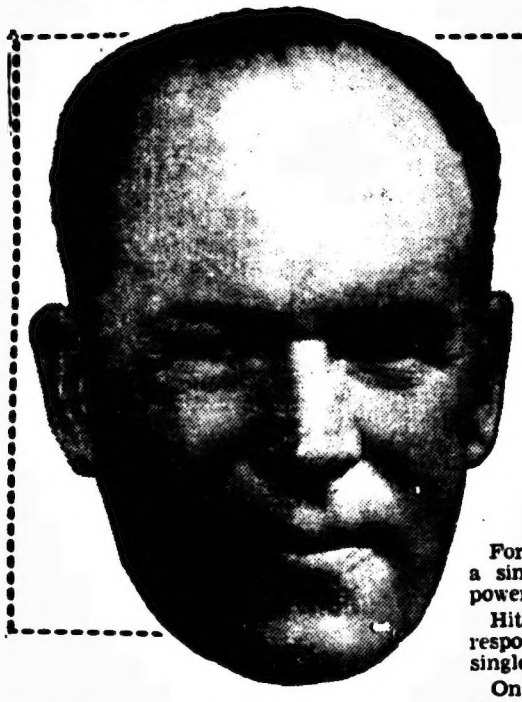
Apart from all official reports, we have abundant information in our own office, reaching us from many reliable sources, of gross waste and carelessness in the spending of public money and the checking of official accounts.

WE URGE THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL AND OUR OWN READERS IN PARTICULAR TO DO THEIR INDIVIDUAL DUTY—THAT IS TO SAY, TO SAVE ALL THEY CAN AND TO LEND ALL THEY CAN FOR THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM AND TO HASTEN VICTORY.

But we also implore the Government to set the country an example in wise spending. And we urge our leaders to address at least some of their exhortations to their own colleagues and subordinates.

It is all very well to whip up the willing horse, but the good carter must always be prepared to put his own shoulder to the wheel.





SIR GERVAIS RENTOUL, K.C., Metropolitan Magistrate for West London, says that even though the war has not yet led to an increase in crime, the sharp rise in the number of prosecutions for thefts from bombed buildings is causing a great deal of uneasiness, and adds :

LET'S FACE THIS LOOTING

AS a constant associate of criminals (in a strictly judicial capacity!), I am sometimes asked whether the war has led to an increase in crime.

I can only judge from my own experience in a busy London Court, because no official figures are yet available. But I should unhesitatingly say that the answer is No.

Indeed, I shall not be surprised if there has been less serious crime committed in the London area during the last twelve months than in any similar period for the last twenty-five years.

At the same time, the *Blitzkrieg*, with its indiscriminate bombing of civilian property, does provide an unusual opportunity for the thief.

And so-called "looting" from bomb-wrecked buildings is causing some uneasiness.

Act of Plundering

Strictly speaking, it is not looting at all, but mere theft of a particularly despicable kind.

According to the Dictionary, looting is "the act of plundering in a conquered city, and the carrying away of booty lawfully obtained by war."

London is not (and never will be) a conquered city, and far from being obtained from a subjugated people the booty is, for the most part, petty pilfering for which it is difficult to find any possible excuse.

Since opportunities for this kind of theft are, unfortunately, so widespread, it has been thought desirable to arm the law with exceptional powers.

Under the Defence Regulations, anyone found guilty before a Higher Court of this dastardly crime may now be sentenced to death, or to penal servitude for life.

This is revolutionary, and only a state of war and emergency could justify it.

For the first time under British law a single Judge is given an unlimited power of life and death.

Hitherto this has been considered a responsibility too terrible to place on any single judicial authority.

On a conviction for murder, the Judge must pass sentence of death, leaving it to the Court of Criminal Appeal, and ultimately the Home Secretary, to review the matter if they think fit.

With looting, the Judge now has this grim discretion, although it remains to be seen whether anybody will think fit to exercise it.

It is arguable that if penal servitude for life is an insufficient deterrent, even capital punishment might not be any more effective than it was in the days when sheep-stealing, and, indeed, any larceny above the amount of five shillings, was punishable with death.

I trust the necessity for putting it to the test will never arise.

The other point of interest is that after a lapse of a century or more the death penalty has been restored for an offence against property.

This again is a retrograde step that nothing but the exigencies of war could justify.

Yet the most severe penalties are doubtless required so that the public may be adequately protected.

In some parts of London the position is sufficiently serious for Scotland Yard to have found it necessary to create "Flying Squads" that will lose no time in tracking down miscreants.

Sudden Temptation

I have been told of organised gangs going to bombed premises, even while a raid is in progress, to ransack them at risk of their lives.

Some thieves have become so expert that they specialise in different types of loot.

On the other hand, up to now the cases of looting, although numerous, have been comparatively trivial, and more often than not were the result of sudden temptation.

Such, for instance, was the man of hitherto irreproachable character who picked up an old leather satchel in a street near some bombed houses.

It was not worth more than a shilling, and he had obviously acted on the impulse of the moment without realising he was committing a heinous offence.

He was charged with looting and had to plead guilty, although the requirements of justice were adequately met by the imposition of a small fine.

But, if these instances increase in number (as unfortunately they seem to be doing), then something more drastic will have to be done.

And even a Court of Summary Jurisdiction can now send an offender to prison for twelve months instead of the maximum three hitherto in force.

Considered on Merits

In this (as in all other matters connected with the administration of the criminal law) each case must be dealt with on its merits.

No matter how exacerbated public opinion may become, it is essential for judges and magistrates to preserve a proper sense of proportion.

If stolen articles are of obvious value, such as jewellery, Treasury notes and the like, it is difficult to imagine any mitigating circumstances whatever as the offender must clearly recognise what he is doing.

A.F.S. men, members of demolition squads, and A.R.P. workers generally must remember that they are in a position of trust.

If they betray that trust, and stoop to this despicable type of crime, justice and public interest alike would seem to demand that imprisonment, even for a first offence, must inevitably follow.

Trouble is that many bombed buildings have to be left unguarded.

It is quite impossible for the police, who have other urgent duties to perform, to keep a day and night watch on every one of these premises, or the numerous workers who may be engaged there.

Even as a result of what has happened already, I have heard of A.R.P. workers and others who have refused to collect valuables from wrecked homes, not because of any personal risk involved, but because they were afraid of being themselves accused of looting.

For this reason alone, where guilt is proved, the Courts must naturally take the sternest view.

At all events, the thieves cannot complain that they have not had fair warning.

If under cover of darkness or during an air raid further attempts are made on an extended scale to exploit the situation, it may be necessary to make a terrible example.

Nevertheless, I am hopeful this will not be needed, if only because it would be a sad reflection on our good name.

★

● *There were a hundred and ten more prosecutions for "looting" in the Metropolitan area in October than in September. Director of Public Prosecutions, Mr. H. A. K. Morgan, told the Bow Street magistrate that the figure for last month was 250; for September, 140.*

● *Police officials have doubled their "anti-looting" squads; magistrates have doubled the usual sentence, inflicting the maximum sentence of twelve months with greater frequency. Yet these cases now outnumber others by five to one.*

● *Looters must be taught a lesson. Some of them are former safebreakers and burglars. Others are sneak-thieves. Some are young men, arrogant, daring, who must be taught by hard labour that looting is the worst type of stealing. They think it is "scrounging."*

● *Other men have joined the "looters" because they saw food in shops that had no windows, and their children were hungry. Some saw goods that could be sold as "salvage" to provide the money to keep wives and children in safety areas.*

● *A few A.R.P. officials and kindred workers have been accused of stealing from ruins; a woman taken from a collapsed basement in a block of flats found that her "rescuers" had taken her jewels from her handbag. They must be taught not to betray our trust in them.*

● *Policemen, left to guard damaged houses, stores, shops and warehouses, must stay on the job, not sleep in local shelters. If owners of property are forbidden to enter their houses, rubber-necks must not be allowed to prowl within the roped enclosure.*

Rather may we feel confident that the British people, whose courage and endurance have won such universal admiration, will give yet another proof that even under the stress and strain of war they remain the most essentially law-abiding in the world.

Unfortunately, there are bound to be a few black sheep.

In abnormal conditions now prevailing, the Courts, with the active assistance of the police and the public, have the paramount duty of making it clear that this despicable form of crime will be suppressed with all the rigour of the law.

I have no doubt that judges and magistrates will not hesitate, if it should become necessary, to use to the full, without fear or favour, the drastic powers with which the Legislature has entrusted them.

Killed Within Sight of Safety

BOMBS rained down from prowling Nazi 'planes on a town in the North-West of England. Mr. Walter Forster was hurrying home and within a few yards of safety when he was instantly killed by the blast from a bomb that fell near by. As Mr. Forster was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, his widow has received a prompt cheque for £100 paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £200 policy (for husband and wife), underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment.

If you are already a registered reader of JOHN BULL you automatically qualify for the full range of this extended Free War Time Insurance. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

If you have not yet registered, a post-card put in the post to-day (revised postage, 2d.) addressed to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, will bring the Registration Forms by return.

OPEN LETTERS

The COUNCILLORS,
Wantage R.D.C.

GENTLEMEN,—Have you hearts of stone or heads of wood?

A young refugee from the Channel Isles, whose husband is still in Jersey, was expecting her first baby. So that she should not have her confinement in a badly bombed London district, one of your tenants offered her a home.

You have penalised this Good Samaritan by making her pay an extra shilling a week rent. Although her husband has been called up, and she has room to spare, you sternly tell her that "it is doubtful whether her visitor will be allowed to stay for the war's duration."

Of all the examples of mean official landlordism, this is the worst.—JOHN BULL.

Lord WOOLTON,
Minister of Food

MY LORD,—Your department refuses even an extra ounce of butter to a man suffering from cancer of the tongue, although a hospital specialist certifies that he cannot swallow solid food.

I cannot believe you are willing to mulct invalids so long as butter is available for hotels and restaurants.—JOHN BULL.

The Borough COUNCIL,
Hornchurch, Essex

GENTLEMEN,—Old people in your area are unable to use their Anderson shelters, deep in slimy, stagnant water.

Your officials refuse to help them. They say that only shelters holding three or more persons will be drained.

The Ministry of Home Security has made no such stipulation.

Indeed, the Ministry has asked all local authorities to get on with the job.

What are you waiting for? A rebuke from Mr. Morrison?—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Southampton

DEAR SIRS,—Although the labourer is worthy of his hire, are you wise to appoint spotters at salaries ranging from £6 to £8 a week?

Their work is no more hazardous than that done by full-time wardens paid only £2 or £3 odd a week for duties more numerous and lengthy.

Fairer, surely, to place all A.R.P. on an equal basis.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Rev. Percy HERBERT,
Bishop of Blackburn

MY LORD,—Work goes on at the £200,000 extensions to your cathedral. Lorry loads of brick, sand and cement continue to arrive. Yet big shelter schemes in the neighbourhood are delayed for want of materials.

Your diocesan magazine is crammed with appeals for further donations. Yet raid victims need clothes and money.

Particularly in these times, religion should concern itself more with human lives than inanimate stones.—JOHN BULL.

Vice-Admiral B. A. FRASER,
Third Sea Lord

DEAR ADMIRAL,—Civilians working at a naval mining depot on the East Coast stop immediately the siren sounds.

Girls at an explosives factory near by work on till danger is imminent.

Can you not inspire the men with a little of the real Navy spirit?—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Gen. H. C. WEMYSS,
Adjt.-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—An old soldier, called up at the beginning of the war, was on the first B.E.F. boat to France. Now he is to be sent abroad again.

But his wife is ill; a doctor says she will not improve unless she can see her husband more often.

In civil life the man was a skilled engineer working on a special machine essential for making anti-aircraft guns. He is being wasted in the Army, but his employers and a trade union have appealed in vain for his release.

Will you not intervene in this exceptional case?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. J. T. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P.,
Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—"We shall all suffer a hell of a lot of inconvenience this winter," you said on taking over supreme command of Britain's transport.

We're already suffering it on the railways.

They have not suffered to any large extent through Goering's bombs, and no praise can be too high for the speed with which they have re-opened damaged lines.

But the services they provide are utterly inadequate.

The large-scale troop movements at the beginning of mobilisation have long since ceased. "Back to normal" should be the slogan now.

We want more trains to cope with the earlier rush hour traffic. We want faster trains.

We want more booking clerks to lessen the long queues that compel many people to miss their train before they can get their tickets.

We want first-class carriages abolished on hard-pressed lines.

Air raids cannot be blamed for the inefficiency that was apparent long before the war started. They cannot be blamed for all the overcrowding that still continues.

On the London suburban lines—and some of the Midland routes—the crush is so great that people are left behind at every station, unable to get into a train.

Twenty people are sometimes packed into a compartment; forty in the guard's-van, unable to raise their arms or even to get out at their right station.

Expresses are slowed down in districts remote from scenes of raid damage. Long-distance journeys often take twice as long as in pre-war days, with people standing for hours in train corridors, unable to push their way to the refreshment-car or to get food on station platforms.

Railways are under your control; you owe it to Cabinet and public to see that public morale is not weakened by unnecessary hardship. —JOHN BULL.

Britain in Battledress

Dogs and Cats Can Take It!

By Maurice Fagence

THERE were a million and a half cats and four hundred thousand dogs round London's fireplaces on the last cold night before war broke out.

Scores of thousands of birds chirruped or cursed in London cages.

Thousands of monkeys huddled in warm blankets. For London has a taste for strange pets. Tame snakes are popular in parts of London's docklands.

London's *other* population numbered something like three million.

That population was depleted in the few weeks of massacre that followed the outbreak of war.

Nearly 80,000 pets were buried in one grave alone at Ilford, Essex.

Yet you still have to count them in hundreds of thousands.

And whatever view you may have on the vexed subject of keeping pets, there were the blind men's "eyes" among them, the lonely spinsters' children, and fluffy armfuls which, to the children who owned them, represent at least half the world.

So authorities gave them their own A.R.P. service.

"Narpac," as it is called—National A.R.P. for Animals Committee to the blue books—provides almost as complete an A.R.P. service as the one furnished for humans.

There are fifty thousand people watching for the humblest lost "Tiddles" that is a victim of air raids. There are eleven hundred veterinary surgeons to treat the injured. There are thousands of gentle hands to nurse hysterical, bomb-shocked pets back to health.

Queer little stories brought out of the ruins of London homes give some idea of the ramifications of this great work.

We can supply one, seen from our office window.

All that is left of one home is a marble-top table.

For week after week a little black cat has never left that table. It is all that it can find of the things it used to love.

"Narpac" helpers are trying to wean it from its old loves gently. Any day, now, it will be found a new home.

Yet another friend of the family finds willing hands to rescue it from the horrors of bombing

Officials of the Poor People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, responsible for so much of the work, can supply many more stories.

Their strangest concerns an old cat which had five of her six kittens killed by a bomb—and was injured herself.

She carried the one live kitten to another house, tenderly dumped it among the kittens of a rival's litter, then went back to the ruins of her own home and died.

One of the dispensary's rescue squad found two old women camping out on the site of their demolished home.

"Nothing will move us until we know about poor Polly," she said. "She speaks like a human being. She *is* almost human."

The parrot was reached after hours of tunnelling. She was nearly dead. Days of nursing in an animal's hospital returned her to full health. Then the old women declared that the dispensary could keep her because of its kindness.

But all it can get out of her is the continual cry: *"Twelve o'clock, twelve o'clock,"* followed by shrieks of demoniacal laughter.

Cats, the dispensary finds, are rarely injured—no matter how great the crash that they survive.

They have an instinct for scenting danger afar off, jumping into the right place when it comes.

Yet put a piece of string round their necks and they will hang themselves on the nearest spike. The collar holding their "Narpac" identification disc has to be elastic.

Cats are often found after a raid with their claws so far extended that they won't go back, their lips so curled inwards that they can't be pushed back into position.

A few days of careful attention and their bomb-shock disappears.

Horses are often saved because of their tremendous faith in human beings. Injured horses race to the first group of human beings they can see, are in heaven when they find themselves in human company.

The dispensary's workers have rescued as many as eighty from one bomb-wrecked building.

One horse, bombed out of his stable in North London, walked through the night and reported himself to the biggest concourse of men he could find in a village in Sussex.

Early morning milkmen at the Bloomsbury branch of Express Dairies had a black horse introduce himself to them.

He bore signs of having been bombed. It is believed that he came from some riding school in the country. He had certainly come many miles.

The P.P.D.S.A. section of "Narpac" alone is finding one thousand pets a week for owners whose homes or premises have been bombed—and that is excluding the provincial work of the organisation.

One of its treatment centres was bombed.

The dispenser was found unconscious, with an unopened chloroform bottle in his hands.

The dog he was to treat was dug out of the wreckage—unhurt—and lively.

One branch of "Narpac's" work is to look after cattle and beasts of the field injured by enemy action.

Goering's young murderers have dropped scores of thousands of bombs on pleasant British fields, but the total number of animals of the field killed, injured or slightly injured does not total a thousand!

Swaffer LIFTS the LID

Ardent critic of all muddlers and wasters, Hannen Swaffer again shows his impatience with the spoilers when answering these pertinent questions in his customary hard-hitting way.

WHY IS NAZIDOM ESSENTIALLY WRONG?

● Man, a spirit using a body, exists for a time on this plane in order to evolve a separate and an individual personality. He is the instrument through which eternal Creation works.

It is only in the democratic system (whatever its blunders—and Progress works by trial and error) that he has a chance of self-expression.

By dragooning and with the bludgeon, Nazidom seeks to make all men alike, mere machines, serfs, mass-produced sycophants. It is contrary to the evolutionary and experimental laws of Nature.

Man's most priceless possession is freedom of his soul. Beside that, all material things are valueless.

Man's spirit is the most vital and the most important thing in all Nature.

It cannot be crushed.

For a time it may be subjected by force, but, because of its own unconquerable self, it must break through the bonds.

Freedom is a divine attribute.

Those who would destroy it belong to anti-Christ.

SHOULD WE BOMB ROME?

● As there are nearly 400,000,000 Catholics in the world, Britain would only lose the potential support of the many, who would be affronted by the bombing of what they regard as the repository of their Faith, if this city of no military significance were attacked.

And why, just for the sake of it, destroy beauty and hurl into ruins historic buildings?

Genoa is an important port.

So is Brindisi.

Turin is an industrial city of infinite value to the Italian effort.

Rome is merely a symbol.

Infinite justice exacts a toll from those who practise revenge, just for the sake of it. That is the meaning of the Bible phrase: "I will repay . . ."

Let Nazi thugs destroy beauty. Let us get on with the war by attacking only those objectives that are of military or naval value.

WILL THIS WAR CAUSE ANOTHER EPIDEMIC?

● We make many mistakes, but at least we have learned from the epidemic of the last war, when ten million died of wounds, more than thirteen million of influenza!

Then, we blundered along, thinking that as long as we kept eating we were all right. We could fatten up afterwards, if necessary.

Vitamins were never considered. The only food unit considered then was the calory.

If you ate food with a certain heating value, you were all right. If you didn't, you were in danger.

Now we know that such war time epidemics come from broken rest, anxiety, shortage of vitamins, irregular meals, overcrowding.

Shelters, properly fitted with bunks, are the cure for broken rest and anxiety.

Gradually, hot meals are being provided for people bombed out of their homes.

The food we have stored has sufficient vitamin-value to last for years. There are big stocks of cod-liver oil (which Norway used to send to us) and a substitute, should that fail.

Mistakes apart, all is well on the food front. And there is an all-round realisation of what produces war time illness.

HAS BRITAIN A FIFTH COLUMN?

● They are to be found only amongst the faint-hearts, those who have no faith in Britain's destiny as the eventual enfranchiser of mankind.

The potential Fifth Columnists are now lodged in jail; unfortunately, they have been put among thousands of anti-Nazis who want to help us win the war.

Anyway, treachery is not a British fault.

Search through the long pages of our history and you will have difficulty in finding the name of a traitor.

The only traitors now are mischief-makers, spreaders of ill-tidings, people who magnify the damage done by air raids.

They are the few who are not proud in every fibre of their being that they belong to an island race on whom all the future depends.

WILL THE PURCHASE TAX STAY?

● As most men in the Services have yet to buy their homes, they are naturally worrying.

The Purchase Tax, which smells in the nostrils of most Members of Parliament, has only been agreed on as a temporary war expedient.

The Labour Party is determined to get rid of it when the war is over. They will have most of the Tories with them.

So the Purchase Tax will fade away with Hitler.

NEEDED: MOBILE DEBRIS ARMY

If damage done by the blitzkrieg is to be swept away with all possible speed, Britain needs a Civilian Pioneer Corps—a Mobile Army capable of clearing away the debris as soon as the bombers have gone.

★

MR. HERBERT MORRISON has ordered a quick clearance of air raid damage. But his efforts are impeded by lack of resources and by lazy local councils.

Holes in the roads remain unfilled for weeks. "Diversion" notices cause traffic bottlenecks.

Half-cooked meals due to gas and electricity breakdowns have to be tolerated.

Glass and rubble litter the pavements and gutters to depress citizens on their way to work.

What is the Government doing about it?

It has brought some thousands of Military Pioneers to London to help the civilian workmen. There is talk of recruiting 2,000 miners for rescue and demolition work. The unemployed are to be enrolled at employment exchanges.

* * *

But this is merely tinkering with the problem.

Neither the Army nor the enrolment of miners and unemployed can solve the problem of air raid devastation.

Even the Pioneers loaned to London for three weeks are inadequately equipped for their job.

Giant mechanical excavators are not a normal part of the Army's equipment. The Army does not employ expert slingers—men who can securely fix ropes to dangerous masonry.

The Pioneers are short of lorries with which to shift the mountains of debris. They need portable cranes and hand tools adapted not for work in the open country but for use in confined spaces, such as are used by miners for tunnelling.

Nor is it any discredit to the A.R.P. demolition squads or to the breakdown parties of electricity, water and gas companies to admit that their efforts are insufficient.

Ask the demolition workers about it! **They say frankly that their numbers are not sufficient to tackle all the work. They haven't equipment for large-scale operations.**

* * *

Demolition and clearance work is a skilled job. It can be back-breaking and heart-breaking unless tackled by trained men.

Even filling up a hole in the road demands expertness in the use of pick and shovel—and muscles adapted to strenuous physical work.

Workless salesmen and clerks cannot be expected to become good manual workers at short notice.

The public is told that to put the Army on the job of clearing up the mess will interfere with military training. If that be so, it is a further argument for a civilian mobile brigade, capable of being rushed to any devastated centre in an emergency.

Besides, what has happened to London may possibly happen to any of Britain's large towns, even though the enemy will pay an increasingly heavy toll in machines and pilots.

A civilian mobile brigade need take no men from essential industries. The last unemployment returns include every type of man suited to demolition work.

Miners for tunnelling and clearing. Engineers for cutting away steel structures, erecting steel supports, and for gas, water and electrical jobs.

Mechanics to maintain a huge fleet of lorries and excavating and lifting equipment. Carpenters and builders for shoring up.

Dockers used to handling ropes—teams of men able to shift thousands of tons of cargo from a ship in a few hours, who could equally well shift unsightly debris.

* * *

Fully equipped mobile kitchens and canteens will be required for feeding the temporarily homeless and for the men of the Mobile Brigade.

That means work for many of the 40,000 unemployed women in the hotel, public-house, restaurant and other catering trades. They would leap at the opportunity of doing something useful in the national cause.

Among unemployed transport men are 4,000 lorry drivers, 1,000 conductors and drivers of passenger vehicles, apart from unemployed railwaymen.

How often have bombed civilians a legitimate grievance when they see their belongings exposed to wind and weather because no transport is available for removal!

In Croydon recently people cleared from their homes waited four days for a time-bomb to explode. They sought in vain for removal vans to take their belongings to safety.

As a result, the entire contents of houses were lost when the bomb went off.

Similar cases have occurred all over the country, inflicting unnecessary hardship on the victims of Goering's bombers.

* * *

Finally, a central park should be established for mechanical excavators, cranes, pulleys and tackle, with stores of explosives, shoring-up timber, steel scaffolding and hand tools.

We want a civilian Aldershot from which "Blitz" units can be despatched in sufficient quantity immediately to any devastated centre.

This would leave the present local demolition squads and the squads of public utility companies on the spot to deal with temporary emergency work.

It would relieve them of long shifts, as they could rely on the Civilian Mobile Brigade arriving very soon to tackle the heavy work.

Let us get these unemployed together and sign them on for work in any part of the country where their services may be needed!

Such a scheme would hearten not only the workless but the whole public. "Blitz" brigades to counter Hitler's "Blitz" would help to minimise the effects of Nazi bombs.

JOHN BULL is convinced that the saving to the country in reopened communications, restored gas, water and electric services, provision of warmth and food for victims, and abolition of depressing bomb debris would far outweigh the cost of forming the Civilian Mobile Brigade.

What about it, Mr. Morrison?

A. G. GARDINER *sorts out the puzzling complexities of the Balkan melee, shows what is likely to happen now that the scoundrels who have wrecked Europe are showing signs of distress*

WHAT the BALKAN DRIVE MEANS

THE two perjured scoundrels who have wrecked Europe are showing signs of distress.

They are scurrying to and fro through the lands they have desolated, touting for new partners and meeting in their bullet-proof trains to concoct new villainies.

They have reason for their haste. They have grounds for being worried.

Put the facts as cautiously as you please, it is still true that they have suffered a major defeat and that their whole programme is out of joint.

Winter is on them and the war is not over.

THE PROMISED INVASION HAS NOT EVEN BEEN ATTEMPTED, AND BRITAIN IS UNDESTROYED AND INDESTRUCTIBLE.

The triumphal march through London so lavishly promised for August has become a legend of unfulfilled ambition.

In a word, the lightning decision has failed, and the harsh realities of winter, a merciless blockade, and a war of exhaustion confront the dictators.

Hence the agitated comings and goings, the baits thrown out to Spain, the turning of the screw on France, the feverish anxiety to break through the blockade, if not on the English Channel, then in the Eastern Mediterranean.

It is the vice of Hitler's position that he cannot afford to wait. He must be ceaselessly victorious.

While he waits he is losing ground, and every check has the character of defeat.

THAT IS WHY HIS DEFEAT IN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN IS, I BELIEVE, DESTINED TO BE ONE OF THE MOST DECISIVE EVENTS IN HISTORY.

We see the effects of it already.

We see them in the shyness of Franco, in the gloom that overspreads Germany at the failure of the *blitzkrieg*, in the rising resentment in the conquered countries, in the growing confidence of the United States and the other neutral powers that we shall stay the course and save civilisation.

No one appreciates them so acutely as Hitler. He sees in them the writing on the wall.

And he is desperately eager to turn the tide of events before it is too late.

HE has, as always, two strings to his bow—the military and the diplomatic—and he is bringing both into play now.

His aim on the military side, as I said a fortnight ago, is to redeem his failure to breach the blockade on the Atlantic front by breaking through on the Near Eastern front.

The attack there was only subsidiary to his original purpose.

If his invasion of Britain had come off, nothing else would have mattered.

The Suez and the Irak oilfields, and everything else that he wanted, would have fallen to him as a matter of course.

BUT THE ATTACK ON THE ATLANTIC FRONT HAVING FAILED INGLORIOUSLY, THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN OFFERS HIM THE ONLY HOPE OF GETTING THROUGH THE BLOCKADE.

If he could win there he would not, I think, win the war.

Only the destruction of the British supremacy at sea would enable him to do that.

But he would prolong the war. He would get the vital essentials, especially oil, of which he is short and which he must have if he is to sustain a long war and cherish any hope of ultimate victory.

You've got to hand it to them, these Greek soldiers marching to war. Men of a tiny kingdom they show that they were not born in the cradle of democracy for nothing

IN shifting the scene of action to the Eastern Mediterranean, however, he has to move warily.

There are lions in the path. And a formidable bear.

THE SHADOW OF THE INSCRUTABLE STALIN HANGS OVER THAT REGION, AND HOWEVER CONTEMPTUOUS HITLER MAY BE OF RUSSIA AS A MILITARY POWER, HE CANNOT AFFORD TO ANTAGONISE HER OUTRIGHT.

So he shoves forward his foul jackal, the unspeakable Mussolini, to try the ice.

If he can get that blackguard established on the Ægean Sea without awakening the alarms of Stalin or the active hostility of Turkey he will have won an important move in his game.

He will be in striking distance of the Dardanelles, ready for the moment when it seems safe to take the plunge and rush the position.

That is the military string of Hitler's bow. But he is in a hurry. He cannot wait. He must have quick results.

The gamble in the Near East is full of perils, and his experience at the Straits of Dover has taught him that things do not always come off according to plan.

Moreover, he will find the British Navy there. He will also find the R.A.F. there. He will find a not inconsiderable British Army there. And he will find a very formidable Turkey there.

There is another point. Assuming that everything went as well as Hitler hoped his "invasion" of Britain would go, it is tolerably certain that he would not find the oil he seeks there ready to hand.

The wells would be put out of action as our wells in Rumania should have been, and it would be long before Hitler could turn his highly problematical victory in the Near East to practical account.

And never forget. He is in a hurry.

Taking all this into account, it is natural that Hitler should be twanging the diplomatic string, too.

It is the string most agreeable to his low cunning.

He has done marvels with it in the past, and though we all now know his trick he is still formidable at the game of hoodwinking simple-minded men by his incomparable gift of lying.

THERE ARE CLEAR EVIDENCES THAT BEHIND HIS NEW MILITARY OFFENSIVE IN THE NEAR EAST HE IS PREPARING A "PEACE OFFENSIVE."

WE MAY EXPECT IT TO BE LAUNCHED AT ANY MOMENT, AND THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT AS TO THE FORM IT WILL TAKE.

A witty writer in one of the evening papers has given a forecast of Hitler's speech on the subject to the rabbits who constitute what he calls his Reichstag, and no one who has studied his Hitler will question its essential and prophetic accuracy.

HITLER never deviates from form.

He will appear before the world as the angel of peace, heroically struggling to rescue Europe from the horrors of war.

Under his beneficent sway a "new order" has been set up in Europe.

All the nations have seen a great light and are gathered into one tabernacle under the genial pastorate of this saintly man.

In achieving this gracious purpose, there have been, it is true, some "regrettable incidents" which have given him deep pain.

But they would not have occurred but for the malign influence of one wicked Power, the plutocratic, Jew-ridden British Empire.

From the tyranny of that monstrous exploiter of the poor he has now delivered all the suffering peoples of Europe.

And, having done that, he asks why this carnage should continue? Why should it extend to the Near East and engulf the world?

He is prepared to forgive everybody on condition that he accepts the "new order."

He is prepared even to forgive the aforesaid plutocratic, Jew-ridden British Empire on condition that it never again shows its face on the Continent of Europe.

THE REPLY TO THIS PEACE OFFENSIVE WHEN IT IS FORMULATED AND WHATEVER CUNNING DISGUISE IT WEARS WILL BE SIMPLE.

IT WILL BE COUCHED IN THE LANGUAGE THAT HITLER ALONE RESPECTS—THE LANGUAGE OF WAR, RUTHLESS AND INEXORABLE.

We shall never hold parley again with this perjured scoundrel and his fellow gangster.

We have learned our lesson. It is written over the wreckage of Europe.

It speaks from a hundred shattered cities from Warsaw to London, from millions of broken homes and broken lives.

It comes from whole nations—Poles, Czechs, Norwegians, Dutch, Belgians, French—who have been massacred and enslaved, their culture destroyed, their sacred places profaned, their property pillaged, their freedom gone.

It is proclaimed in violated treaties and broken pledges and devilish conspiracies against innocent neighbours.

WE shall not discuss peace terms with these liars and bandits.

Our purpose is to destroy them and all the wicked things they stand for.

That purpose we shall achieve, no matter what it costs or how long it takes. For life on this planet is unthinkable without its achievement.

When Germany and Italy have purged themselves of their demons and are clothed and in their right mind again they will be received back into the company of civilised nations.

BUT FOR THE GANGSTERS THERE ARE NO TERMS BUT THE FLAMING SWORD.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

RED TAPE WORSE than BOMBS

QUICK to appreciate the difficulties of introducing any State legislation, I must yet admit to being thoroughly disgusted with the dilly-dally methods employed by Government officials entrusted with the task of helping victims of the air raids.

They are not only prolonging unnecessary misery, but also they are encouraging crime. They are allowing the unscrupulous to prey on the understandable fears of people to whom they should be offering protection.

Proprietors of small firms and directors of struggling companies are all beginning to feel more than a little resentful at the callous way in which their claims for compensation are, under the present routine, being considered.

Business men, eager to be done with official questions, always baulked at the official forms in which they had to sign away their intentions; of the time wasted in writing "nil" several times and then waiting weeks for a reply.

"Helping Hand"

And now they complain that the so-called helping hand of the Government, swathed in red tape and gauntleted by a well-padded glove of legal safeguards, is far more likely to deliver a knock-out blow to their enterprise.

Even the most diehard bureaucrat, with ink instead of blood in his veins and a dossier for a soul, cannot surely remain unmoved.

You'd think it would be impossible for them to keep the pockets of their sympathy buttoned after merely a cursory glance at the appeals submitted by the bereft.

You'd think they would at least warn people against the "vultures."

Yet there does not even seem to be a sign that the mechanics of State will try to quicken their sluggish engine.

When will the proposed Air Raids Insurance Bill be introduced? asked Sir Herbert Williams, South Croydon's Member of Parliament.

"Not yet," was the laconic reply, officially inspired.

Another Member spoke of the homeless, the dispossessed, the dispirited, but he received no further satisfaction.

"Not yet," was all that anybody could say to the most human of all appeals.

With a flourish of trumpets that could be heard throughout the land, we were introduced to new officials who would do all in their power to alleviate air raid suffering.

Well, I don't want to seem impatient.

I don't want to call down the wrath of the gods on officials who are already working their hardest.

More than Sympathy

But I am determined that the people writing to me, complaining that their appeals are met with such slowness by the officials who are supposed to help them, will receive more by way of compensation than public sympathy.

Even if I have to print every word of complaint, I'll shame the lumbering officials into more speedy action.

I need only give details of a small manufacturer's complaint about waiting three weeks before a Board of Trade panjandrum even consented to glance at the claim which showed the loss of an entire business.

Another three weeks elapsed after the claim had been finally lodged before anything was done. Some of these officials would look rather puny if the world knew how slowly they have to act towards those who seek compensation.

While the experts take their time over evolving official plans to meet the demands for compensation, quick-witted, easy money merchants rush in, offer glittering suggestions of security without having a brass farthing with which to bless themselves.

Worthless Paper

Because Whitehall was so lackadaisical, crooks cashed in, and people who thought they were buying security for homes and businesses find after the bombs have dropped that their "insurance" enterprises were so much worthless paper.

Let me tell you about the man who, after serving a term of imprisonment in the United States, arrived in this country at the beginning of the year intent on making money.

Installed in impressive London offices, he canvassed people with details of an ingenious scheme for providing air raid compensation, offering indemnity contracts in return for substantial fees and premiums.

He made free with the names of several famous companies, but the directors of these companies knew nothing of him till a JOHN BULL representative told them what was happening.

That shows how genuine his schemes were!

No Backing

Scotland Yard detectives are now busy investigating the activities of a man who has been effecting air raid insurances on life and property.

Associated with several bogus insurance companies before the war, he now has no financial backing.

His agents have been promising insurance to anyone on almost anything, and against any conceivable risk.

Sensible people would have been suspicious of his grandiose schemes, but he duped those who were only too willing to clutch at any chance of personally meeting the blitzkrieg.

Slightly different is the work of a speculative group of men. With about twenty touts in their pay they canvass people whose houses have been bombed.

"Not yet." was the only reply when Sir Herbert Williams, M.P. for South Croydon, asked Parliament when the Air Raids Insurance Bill would be introduced

Working on their sympathy, agents induce them to sign away their claims on the Government. They make a cash payment forthwith "in settlement," and will get the bulk of the compensation when it is finally paid.

Above all, readers should study carefully literature distributed by newly-formed companies, offering what they call "pool" insurance.

Some of them are financially sound and under the guidance of people of undoubted integrity, but there are dangerous pitfalls in the path of any small compensation concern, no matter how well-intentioned it might be.

Even though JOHN BULL has publicly announced that air raid insurance, unless backed by the Government, was too speculative, people have gone on contributing money to adventurers who invented schemes with the express purpose of taking their money.

One air raid "philanthropist" was found to have a long prison record.

Don't indulge in any efforts to buy "protection" unless you are assured that your investment is going to do you and not the other fellow some good.

And if you have any news about official laggards hanging back on questions of compensation, send all the details to me.

Watch These Tricksters

DO not give money to charity collectors who cannot produce satisfactory credentials.

Scotland Yard detectives, working under powers given them recently by the War Charities Act, have already put a stop to the activities of many rogues who were preying on the benevolently minded.

Stanley Wilson, who lived temporarily in St. Phillip's Road, Surbiton, Surrey, has been reaping a rich harvest collecting money to buy comforts for soldiers.

He had the impertinence to use the name of the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, and prepared collection-boxes that he persuaded people to have filled for him. He signed receipts "Wilson-Entertainments Officer," and added the words, "Our Boys Thank You!"

There never was an "Entertainments Officer," and enquiries made by the police revealed that Wilson had no authority to use the name of the Regiment.

Again I warn you: Give only to persons with documentary proof that the charities they represent are genuine.

PEOPLE told that relatives serving in the R.A.F. have been posted missing should be prepared for a mean scoundrel, who pretends to come from the Air Ministry.

He uses such names as Brookes, Morgan, and Ferguson, and produces a "Card of Authority" that is a fabrication; and all the stories he tells are false.

In one instance he obtained £12 from a woman after saying that her son was dead. He told her that, after all enquiries had been completed, she would benefit considerably.

ANOTHER crook, posing as a Military Records Officer, uses a meaningless name, and leads soldiers' relatives to understand that their husbands and sons are under arrest and need money for legal defence.

He obtained a large sum from the mother of a soldier who arrived home a few days later on leave.

Far from having been in trouble, he had only recently been promoted.

THOSE wishing to support the Lord Mayor of London's Air Raid Distress Fund should send contributions direct to headquarters.

Several small competitions and football "pool" schemes have been started and collectors are urged to sell books of tickets on a commission basis.

As the fund has already received more than £1,250,000 through orthodox channels, such outside enterprises are superfluous—to say the least.

New Gang of War Crooks

WAR has created the timber thief.

There is money in wood to-day, and a rogue, released from Dartmoor only five months ago, has lost no time in shaping a clever idea.

He enlisted four ex-convicts as confederates.

Then the Dartmoor master-mind, now known as "The Spotter," toured the country's largest timber yards looking for those best suited to his purpose.

Number Two crook, an expert fitter of locks, applied his knowledge to the entrance doors, and soon produced the necessary keys.

During black-out hours these five men drive their lorry into a timber yard, load it with as much timber as it can carry, then drive away, locking the door behind them.

Many timber yards are not guarded during the night, and the police are satisfied that many timber yards have been robbed without the owners knowing their stocks have been depleted.

The ex-Dartmoor thief finds it easy to dispose of the stolen loads.

For many years the members of this gang have been frequenting criminal haunts in London's east end, and one of them now poses as a mechanical engineer to hide his real activities.

Usually they use a large furniture removal van, which bears no name and is covered by a large tarpaulin cover.

While the police are busy collecting evidence against them, I advise all timber merchants to take the necessary precautions to prevent themselves from being victimised.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

EVEN though I may not use it editorially, any information I receive is carefully filed for future reference. This week's £1 1s. goes to Mrs. H. Connolly, of Ethel Terrace, Leeds.

Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

S. THEODORE FELSTEAD, author of "The Kaiser's Master Spy," continuing Nazi Prisoners Speak, tells you what happens when the flying son of a famous family of German soldiers stoops to

Murder for Medals

PRIDE proverbially goeth before a fall. An ultra-proud young Nazi airman was grand-nephew of a famous General who led the German forces into Belgium in 1914.

Like all the rest of the family, he was intended for the Death's Head Hussars. The Nazis, however, abolished all the cavalry regiments and being a bit of a racing motorist he joined the *Luftwaffe*.

He performed doughty deeds in Poland when the war broke out.

With no one to say him nay, he bombed hospitals and flats, the bigger the better. By the time the brief campaign was at an end, he was boasting in the mess at night that he must have killed at least a thousand poor Poles, men, women and children.

"That," he declaimed, "will teach them a lesson they won't forget in a hurry."

At the hands of Goering himself he received the Iron Cross of the First Class and all through the winter, there being little for the *Luftwaffe* to do, he basked in the reflected glory of the black-and-white ribbon.

Leave was plentiful, and at Potsdam, where all the family had lived for generations, he was one of the pets of the garrison.

His redoubtable uncle, senile but still savage, took him around everywhere, and with bursting pride pointed to him as a real chip of the old block.

Thus passed away five or six pleasant months.

He reluctantly tore himself away from his admiring girl friends and travelled over to Flensburg, a newly built naval depot on the Grand Belt, which divides Northern Germany from Denmark.

Here, for a week, in company with numerous other doughty young veterans, he was told that an attack would shortly be launched against Norway.

One of the Chosen

He would be one of the chosen men to bomb Oslo if the authorities there proved at all obstreperous.

At dawn on the morning of April 10, in the wake of some fifty troop-carrying aeroplanes, he and his gallant comrades set off.

Orders were explicit; no bombs unless the Norwegian Air Force unexpectedly put up a resistance.

No such calamity occurred.

All that his squadron had to do was to fly over Oslo throughout the morning, firing occasional bursts from their machine-guns at the bewildered crowds in the streets, until they tired of that sport and grounded at the airport, to ask what next.

For a fortnight after this, according to what he told his nurses, they had a hectic time hunting King Haakon; but it was a will o' the wisp job in this mountainous country.

They had nowhere to land in case of accident, and, besides, it was unduly cold in those northern climes in the early Spring.

Great was the relief when they were recalled to Flensburg, there to learn that Holland would be their next objective.

"We knew nothing about it," he said to his nurses in a British hospital. "We all thought our next fighting would come against the British and the French. The troop-carriers were still practising at Flensburg when we got back. There had been quite a few casualties amongst us. We had run into the British in Norway once or twice and they were a bit of a surprise.

"It was only two days before the attack on Holland that we heard anything about it.

"Then a party of us were sent for by the Operations Commander, who, after swearing us to secrecy, informed us that just after daylight on the morning of May 10 we were to take off for Rotterdam and bomb it, regardless of the opposition we met, and with no worry about what we hit.

"'All we want, gentlemen,' said the Commander, 'are quick results. By the time you arrive there we hope the Dutch machines will have been destroyed.'

"It was as the Commander told us," continued the young Nazi airman. "Heavy fighting in the air was going on when we came on the scene; there were Dutch, British and German bombers and fighters scattered all over the skies.

"For half an hour we bombed Rotterdam at our leisure, a hundred and twenty of us, seeing fires break out everywhere.

"By lunch-time we were back at Flensburg, where our Commander told us we had done gloriously and would all be recommended for promotion.

"That night I came out in orders as ober-leutnant. Next morning came other orders, not so welcome. We were all wanted in France. By midday there was hardly a machine left at Flensburg; we flew down to a big aerodrome in the neighbourhood of Dusseldorf. We were due for some real fighting at last."

A Nazi pilot, beaten in a clash with British fighter aircraft, arrogantly waves his hand to the cameramen.

Nerves Failing

Apparently the memory of it had been a rude disillusion. Shot down twice and miraculously saved by advancing Nazi troops after he had baled out on each occasion, his nerve began to fail him.

But there was no going back.

Two or three days' rest, and he was compelled to go up again.

Shortly before the French surrendered, a Spitfire came tearing at him close by Rouen and he remembered nothing more until he woke up in a hospital in that city being tended by some nuns.

"Lucky for me," he remarked, "that our troops were now in possession of the town, otherwise I shouldn't be here."

He was not seriously injured; after three weeks in bed, he returned to Potsdam on a month's leave, more of a hero than ever. Early in August he was at St. Pol aerodrome in France, where to his dismay he found himself, as a holder of the Iron Cross, regarded as an ace.

Intensive training was the programme.

He had to take up squadrons of beginners and teach them the gentle art of dive-bombing. His nerves got worse than ever; night after night he drank himself into a stupor.

"I used to go into the town," he confessed, "so that my superiors should not know. For a time I was all right; the new pilots were being sent to raid England, until gradually they got wiped out.

The Doctor Laughed

"One day in early September I was warned for duty. I told the doctor I did not feel fit; he just laughed at me and said: 'Neither do I, but we've all got to die some day.'

"So the following morning I took my machine up, one of twelve squadrons with a strong escort of Messerschmitt fighters, flying in the formation.

"We were half-way up the Thames Estuary, making for London, when Spitfires and Hurricanes intercepted us.

"We were all split up, and I found myself close to Canterbury Cathedral.

"I let my bombs go in the open country, hoping to get away safely. It was no good; near, I think, Maidstone, one of your Spitfires swooped down on me from nowhere and I went spinning down to earth with my rudder shot away."

Well, he was now dying.

Brought into hospital, the only one of his crew of four alive, battered and bleeding, with a broken leg to add to his sufferings, he had already lost so much blood that an immediate transfusion was the only hope of saving his life.

It was given him—English blood.

He rallied for a time, and, when told of what had happened, faintly expressed surprise that we should bother so much about him.

"To think," he whispered to the matron, "that we call you English people barbarians. When I think of what I have done!"

He was only a boy, this Nazi airman, the descendant of a long line of soldiers to whom killing was no murder.

It began to dawn upon him as his life slowly ebbed away that something was radically wrong with his creed.

Three days after the transfusion, the end came near.

He requested that a priest might be sent, and when one came, he asked for the Last Sacrament.

It was administered and then, finally, he murmured the question that had evidently been troubling him for some days.

"Father," he said in a barely audible voice, "do you think God will forgive me for what I have done?"

The priest would tell no lie.

In the presence of death, anxiously watched by a human being on the threshold of eternity, he gently said the only thing he could say—"God knows best."

Fear of Punishment

They are all sorts, these Nazi pilots.

At the back of most of their minds is a wholesale fear that this cold-blooded murder they indulge in will meet with the condign punishment it deserves.

One of the more timorous breed, hotly pursued over the outskirts of Middlesex by one of the dreaded Spitfires, jettisoned his bombs in a panic.

They all fell—and he was probably not altogether to blame—in the main street of a newly-built village consisting of nothing but artisan dwellings, wiping out every house and causing dozens of casualties.

Just then the Spitfire got him.

A prolonged rattle from the rear and a burst of flame from his petrol tank sent him hurtling groundwards a bare half-mile from the village.

People appeared on the scene as if by magic. But the police arrived immediately, and then an ambulance.

When they got the pilot to hospital, nothing more than badly shaken, he agitatedly enquired what had happened.

"You have killed a lot of women and children," he was sternly told.

"But I did not mean to," he said. "If the Spitfire had not been chasing me, I meant to drop them in an open field. I lost my head."

Fourteen innocent, defenceless mothers and children had lost their lives over this wretched, nerve-racked specimen of Nazi youth.

In the hospital they told him exactly what had occurred; in addition to the deaths, thirty homes had been shattered beyond all reparation.

Crying in the Night

He lay silent all through the night, softly crying. In the morning, having refused all food and drink, he begged the matron in broken English to assure him that it was not true.

"There is no doubt about it," she told him. "They are all being buried to-morrow afternoon."

He went quieter than ever.

Food was again brought him and declined with a hopelessness of face that indicated a sorely troubled mind. Late that night, as the matron was going her final rounds, he called her over.

"Is there nothing I can do?" he asked, "for those poor people who have gone? Do you think I might be allowed to attend the funeral?"

The matron shook her head.

"You are better off where you are," she said. "We English are a forgiving race, but I should not like to be in your shoes and stand at the graveside of those little children who have gone to their death. Their fathers might forget themselves, even at such a time."

Commodore G. Pursey Phillips, former Commodore of the Clan Line, tells the story of the Lads of the Red Ensign—the Flag that hail, hell and Hitler can't shift off the Seven Seas.

Commodore Phillips has sailed more than 2,000,000 miles on salt water, dodged U-boats, outfought tornadoes, skipped past torpedoes and surface raiders, and flown the swallow-tail flag of Commodore of the Line.

FIFTY HUNS DO THEIR WORST!

IF I could take Hitler for a voyage on my ship in convoy I think he would chuck in his hand.

For such a voyage leaves an impression of the solid might of Britain on the seas that can never be forgotten, and seems as if it can never be shaken.

The Dictators talk (or shout) a lot about the Mediterranean being now an Italian lake.

The best answer I can give to that one is to tell you about a recent trip from Suez to Aden, 1,310 miles according to the ship's log, by a vessel which had come from England all the way to Suez entirely without incident.

There's our ship, standing out to sea, leaving behind Waghorn's statue and the 400-ft. dry-dock and Mount Sinai, where Moses hurled down and smashed the Tables of Stone.

Our ship is joining a convoy that is forming here from various parts of the Empire, and including some neutrals of odd shapes and sizes.

Weird Pattern

The convoy forms up in a weird pattern worked out by a Cambridge University mathematics fiend so that it shows as little as maybe to the U-boats.

In the heat of the sun, the ships ride along at fixed stations. The escort vessel, hovering like a hen with chicks, flags us by day and lamp-signals us by night; and there are also other signals I may not mention.

At each signal we all change course. The escort clucks approval, and in a far-away dim study in the peace of a college quadrangle, the Professor, looking up from his interweaving and intricate pattern of crossing lines, smiles a dreamy smile and knows he has served his country and saved men's lives.

Now and again, a warship rushes alongside, and a grinning A.B. holds up a blackboard on which is chalked a special message. One of our lascars holds up an answer.

As we pound steadily along, there is a tiny smear of smoke on the horizon ahead. The warship goes like a greyhound to investigate; the Navy does not permit unidentified vessels to sail these seas.

Grrrrr-rrrrr!

A Swordfish seaplane from the escorting warship roars over our masts from its catapult and drones away into the burning blue to make contact with an R.A.F. station on shore.

It returns at once, accompanied by three long-nosed British bombers, and they make south in a businesslike way and fly out of sight.

Presently the seaplane comes back alone, and sinks in a satisfied way on to the warship's deck. We shall never know what it has seen or done, for the Navy does not talk.

Keeps on Flying

The old Red Duster keeps on flying; this and that neutral flag crowds close against us for safety—and the men who shout in Berlin or Rome stay in Berlin or Rome while we carry our goods, just as usual, across the Seven Seas.

THOUSANDS OF TONS OF SHIPPING STILL CALL AT ADEN IN A YEAR, THOUGH TO HEAR HITLER SHOUT YOU WOULD THINK BRITAIN COULD NOT PUT SO MANY SHIPS AS THAT ON ALL THE OCEANS.

Nothing worth recording on the homeward voyage—that is the truth for thousand after thousand heaving miles of blue water. But there *was* a bit of a dust-up in the Channel, just at the end.

In a breezy autumn morning, with the white-caps running free (and Hitler's invading army in its barges praying that to-day won't be the day, or I'm a Dutchman!), the convoy comes slapping and pounding along, with Cap de la Hague to starboard and Bournemouth somewhere over in the spume to port.

A dozen cargo-ships, passing through water where the U-boats are said to shoal like herrings, standing on a course that lies right under the shadow of the German bombers' wings, they stump stolidly along.

Zigzagging oddly at all sorts of angles, speeding, slowing, doubling—they bring home the cargoes of meat and grain and armaments on which Britain depends.

The balloons are up—for we carry our own barrages, these days—silvery sausages far overhead, with the black cables the Luftwaffe dreads.

There go the sirens, singing out the air raid warning! And it's up on to the bridge as fast as legs can tackle the ladders, even if you're wakened out of the first decent sleep for a week, and a swift look round the skies and the seas.

Everything in order and as it should be, and the Heinkels—and quite a cloud of them, by Harry!—specking the sky far away to starboard.

A sudden change of course sends a curling wave over the bows and a hissing sheet of spray rises right up here; across the deck scamper gunners in steel helmets, to the high-angle, multi-machine-guns in the stern (another eyesore for my decks), and from the old warship that is "seeing us across the Park" comes the first thud and flash of a 3.7 gun.

Devastating Weapons

Have you ever heard of Chicago Pianos? Hitler has!

They are the new eight-barrelled multiple pom-poms the Navy has developed; one of the most devastating weapons ever known in war.

Each barrel fires a 2-lb. h.e. shell, and the number of shells fired per minute is utterly incredible—and is also a Naval secret at present.

There are also Browning guns that fire at 1,500 rounds a minute; when you get several of these on a multiple mounting they can put out a breath of destruction that the Angel of Death would wince to see.

The raiders are overhead now—and, by Harry, they *are* overhead and just about to try for us—but we can show them something, even though they *do* try to operate from a good height up.

Woomp — Woomp — WOOMP! go the bombs, flinging vast craters of water into the air.

That last one was uncomfortably close, completely obliterating from my bridge the sight of the next ship.

Has she caught a packet? Yes! No—

Pounding around Hell's Corner, a gallant convoy of merchant vessels, herded by the smoke-screen-laying warships, runs the gauntlet of German guns on the French Coast. These are the heroes of the Red Duster!

here comes her stem through the falling ater, steadily steaming forward, changing urse, turning back, sturdy and dirty and etermined as ever.

Still the Heinkels circle, and still the ack bombs that look like falling armchairs me thumping down, and still we run the auntlet unscathed. . . .

The drone of the turbines grows into a eam. Down in the engine-room, stolid eamen open or shut the throttles, study the eam-gauges, listen to the revolution indi-tors ticking louder or less loud.

"Aye, She'll Dae!"

The steam goes hissing along the pipes, e ship quivers and pulsates to the urgent robbing, the steel shafts gleam as they run smooth as a girl's arm, and Old Scotty, the ngineer, pouts out his long underlip, lights a ew cigarette from a stub in the corner of his outh, grins a little, and says: "She'll dae; e, she'll dae!"

WOOO—OOMP!

That was worse than the last; the rever-erations of the explosion ring on the hull as if you struck a gong with a hammer. But cept for a terrific sousing with salt water at just runs away into the scuppers, we em to have come out all right.

Full speed . . . slow . . . port . . . full speed ead as the Heinkel swoops to put one on us —and so it drops astern by the mercy of eaven and a nice bit of calculation . . . star-ard . . . slow . . . full speed . . .

Yellow splashes of light show where the scort ships are pounding the skies with asting high explosive.

Our own little guns in the stern are at-chat-chattering with a deafening, im-atient insistence, and being smothered by e heavy thump of the 4-in. stuff from the arships.

The rank stink of cordite comes up to e bridge, wafts away, comes back again. . . .

The Heinkels seem more numerous. They ave been joined by a cloud of pals, or I'm eeing double! Well—all the more to hit.

Inspired by the same idea, the warships redouble their noise, and every little gun on every cargo vessel begins to bark in chorus.

And still the bombs come down—farther away now . . .

Ah! That was a cloud of little incen-diaries . . . nearly all of them fizzling in the water, but there is one that had found a mark aboard that collier abeam of us!

The tale was told afterwards how the First Officer, standing on the bridge with his skipper, stooped and picked it up out of the scuppers and flung it overboard, getting badly burned about the hands and arms, but insist-ing on "carrying on" and undoubtedly saving his vessel from the beginnings of a nasty fire.

The Heinkels are forming for a last grand slam.

WHACK! A SHELL FROM A WARSHIP CATCHES ONE OF THEM, FAR UP THERE IN THE BLUE, JUST ABAFT THE WING, AND THE AEROPLANE SPREADS OUT LIKE A CHINESE CRACKER AND SAILS ALL OVER HEAVEN AND FALLS IN BITS AND PIECES—SLOWLY, IT SEEMS—INTO THE SEA ASTERN.

And then, with a terrific crescendo of engines, the Heinkels come down—fifty or so of them at once—and life is for a moment too full to do anything but dodge the black specks that grow instantly into colossal pears and strike the water and burst the eardrums with sudden rocking explosions . . .

Port—hard aport—full speed—half-speed —starboard just in the nick of time . . .

Whee—eee—crr—rump!

That was the worst of all—it made the ship jump out of the water like a horse at a hurdle, and it seemed as if the bottom would drop out of her.

But she's Clyde-built, and she just clumps back again with a jar enough to knock your teeth down your throat and half-way into Davy Jones' Locker, and then the Heinkels are turning hastily away for France, in a devil of a hurry all of a sudden.

Lost Their Nerve

There are four of them sprawled and splayed on the water now, counting the one that was blown to bits before that last attack; but that is not what has made them lose their nerve.

Humming along right up in the eye of the sun, tiny black dots appear, and the tin-hatted men on the decks yell: "Spitfires!"—and some other words best not repeated.

As they whirl away France-wards, closing the gap as they disappear, there is time to look round and count the cost.

One ship hit—and badly hit. A Nor-wegian, with her stern blown off, settling down sluggishly into the water.

Convoy orders are that we may not stop —we see her men getting into the boats, and an escorting vessel fussing up to help . . .

And there is one of the most defiant acts ever seen in this strange war—some Nor-wegians of the crew stolidly running up a Norwegian flag on one stumpy mast so that she shall go down with colours flying . . .

Scotty pokes a head out on deck and stares round.

"Couldn't take it—eh, weel!" he grunts, sticking out his lip. That is Goering's epitaph.

Next week: *That Job at Dunkirk.*

ARGUE IT OUT — BY PALLAS

Home Guard Snobs

WE'RE a mixed lot in the Home Guard—and as a whole we are good mixers. We do our parades, man our posts and carry on the Army tradition by doing a lot of grumbling.

In the early chaotic days, when the L.D.V. was so hurriedly formed that no one knew quite where he stood, there was a lot of heart-burning over the appointment of company and platoon commanders.

Some men, dressed in smart, tailor-made uniforms, looked effective enough.

They liked to bark commands at their men; liked them on drill parade at every possible opportunity; and, above all, liked to lecture on the virtue of discipline, of saluting, of springing smartly to attention.

All well and good we said at the start, because our knowledge of drill was somewhat rusty after more than twenty years of civilian life.

But when we had attained some degree of proficiency and smartness we felt that this drill business was going too far.

Some of the martinets have left us.

A wise move on the part of the authorities did a little weeding out.

* * *

Unhappily, some of the snobs in denim remain. They are the little tyrants of their fields, ever insisting on the deference which they think is due to a black bar or two on their shoulder-straps.

As I have said, most of us are good mixers.

The prominent solicitor cracks jokes with the errand boy who is our latest recruit; the managing director of a £100,000 company shares a bottle of beer with a labourer.

In the section, too, is another managing director who controls a famous publishing firm.

He is a great mixer.

He doesn't care a rap for anybody.

All he likes is a Home Guard who is keen and efficient.

Not all sections are so fortunate. And not all Home Guard officers are able to put aside with their uniform the authority their rank gives them.

In civilian clothes you're all right with them if you travel first class, belong to a decent golf club, run a car, own a presentable house.

Given these qualifications, you will be greeted more or less as an equal outside the Home Guard.

* * *

But if you can't afford to run a car, travel first class, you will probably get no greeting at all.

And the petty-minded little snob who loves to hear himself addressed on parade as "Sir" will probably tell himself that, after all, membership of the Home Guard carries no social obligations.

Of course it doesn't.

But it should bring to the decent-minded the realisation that all members of the Home Guard are volunteers in the same cause and that social qualifications will not enable anyone to be a better soldier.

Snobbery, I thought, would go out with this war. It is not so prevalent as it was.

A common cause knitted all the nation together.

But some of the snobs remain.

They, given the power to appoint others, almost invariably give stripes to men who are in their same "class"—men who talk bridge and golf, stock exchange and international finance.

They want to keep authority in their own immediate circle.

They want the lower classes to do the donkey work —put up staggers, man wind-swept posts, act as company runners, fetch and carry equipment.

They make me sick.

They have as little vision as a blind hen.

They have as little knowledge of humanity as a cave-man.

They are useless as leaders.

They are few in number.

They become fewer as authority weeds them out.

When the last of them goes the Home Guard will be a more efficient and more comradely organisation.

A fine *full bodied* 'smoke'

If you like a tobacco with just the right amount of "kick," yet good-tempered and cool in the pipe, then try 'DIGGER'. It gives you the full, rich flavour of the choicest leaf, and is available in the form of

1/3 $\frac{1}{2}$ FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · HONEYDEW 9D AN OZ. PLUG

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

P.D.83

A XMAS BOX

that brings in a GOOD INCOME *is not a luxury it is a* SOUND INVESTMENT *and results in*

A PAYING CAREER

A nett profit of hundreds of pounds per annum

I HAVE HELPED THOUSANDS OF OTHERS

. . . . and when I say thousands I do not exaggerate, as I can produce well over 10,000 unsolicited testimonials from grateful students who, through our Postal Training, have achieved their life's ambition.

During the last war many people learned how to write short stories, etc., to-day a number of them are world-famed authors. By becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself.

The more you increase your earning power the better it is for the country and for yourself personally.

War or no war, earning power always brings its possessor to the front. It is no use waiting for better times. The ideal opportunity never arrives. We have to make the best of existing conditions. Therefore, delay is useless; it is worse, it is harmful.

If it is your desire to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, write to us for free particulars on any subject which interests you, or if your career is undecided, write and tell us of your likes and dislikes, and we will give you practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it. You will be under no obligation whatever.

It is our pleasure to help. We never take students for courses unless we feel satisfied they are suitable. Do not forget that success is not the prerogative of the brilliant. Our experience of over thirty years proves that *the will to succeed* achieves more than outstanding brilliancy.

—LET ME BE YOUR FATHER XMAS—

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Motor Trade
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Press Tool Work
Pumps and Pumping Machinery
Radio Communication
Radio Service Engineering
Road Making and Maintenance
Salesmanship, I.S.M.A.
Sanitation
School Attendance Officer
Secretarial Exams.
Sheet Metal Work
Shipbuilding
Shorthand (Pitman's)
Short Story Writing
Speaking in Public
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Teachers of Handicrafts
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There are hundreds of openings in connection with Humorous Papers, Advertisement Drawing, Posters, Calendars, Catalogues, Textile Designs, Book Illustrations, etc. 60 per cent. of Commercial Art Work is done by "Free Lance Artists," who do their work at home and sell it to the highest bidders. Many Commercial Artists draw "retaining fees" from various sources, others prefer to work full time employment or partnership arrangement. Let us send full particulars for a FREE TRIAL and details of our course for your inspection. You will be under no obligation whatever.

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Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD

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To Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE Ltd., SHEFFIELD

Please send me (free of charge) Particulars of ..... Your private advice about } (Cross out line which does not apply)

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....

Address .....

The Family Physician

DECISIVE TREATMENT FOR COLDS AND INFLUENZA

You don't stop a cold quickly by aiming only at the symptoms.

Next time you feel you are in for a bad cold, when your eyes burn and your head throbs and you can't breathe for a stuffy nose, take two tablets of Phensic.

Phensic rapidly reaches the blood-stream. And once in your blood Phensic prevents the growth of cold and 'flu germs.

The poisons which these germs produce, which make your head ache and your nose run, must be got rid of. Phensic helps to eliminate them, both via the kidneys and through the pores of the skin.

The result is, that after taking Phensic your temperature comes down to normal and you feel altogether better. A good night's sleep—and you awake free from infection.

Phensic is both fast and effective in its action. It is guaranteed medicinally pure, and it cannot harm even a weak heart. With Phensic 'flu vanishes in half the usual time.

The tonic strengthening effect of Phensic is well described in these words of a doctor who says: "In my experience patients treated with Phensic have a smoother convalescence and do better than those treated otherwise." You can get Phensic everywhere for 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

Millions still do it in the 'Steradent' way!

In wartime millions still clean dentures this easy modern way. Merely leave your false teeth in 'Steradent' solution while you rest or every morning while you dress. This cleans every crevice, removes all film and stain, keeps dentures *sterilized*. No wonder new 'Steradent' users are so enthusiastic. Why not enjoy real denture hygiene too! Ask any chemist for a tin of 'Steradent.'

HOW TO DO IT. Half tumbler warm water. 'Steradent'—the cap of the tin full. STIR. Steep dentures overnight or 20 minutes. Rinse well under the tap.

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Steradent Ltd., Hull and London.

Good Remedy for BAD LEG

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION CURES LONG-STANDING LEG TROUBLE

"I had a terrible eczema on my leg very bad, of several months' standing. I had treatment and remedies without getting relief. The first application convinced me I had found the right thing at last. After buying a 1/5 bottle my leg is completely healed and the skin is soft and smooth." So writes Mrs. H., of Chandler's Ford, Hants.

"The right thing at last!" That is the heart-felt cry of joy of thousands of tortured skin sufferers who have been relieved of their agony by D.D.D. Prescription, the reliable skin remedy. Sufferers from eczema, impetigo, dermatitis, psoriasis, ringworm, rashes, all tell the same story—immediate relief from the terrible itching, speedy cure of the disfiguring skin trouble.

Skin sufferers, buy a 1/5 bottle of D.D.D. Brand Prescription from your chemist and experience its magic soothing and healing powers to-day.

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

"This place is half asleep," I told them. "Do you realise we are trying to land Hitler one on the nose?"

"John Bull's" 10-Minute Story

The LITTLE HITLER

by Will SCOTT

LITTLE WIRTS? Yes (said Mr. Guoge), I know Little Wirts. A loathsome place. Pretty? What's that matter? I tell you it's a pestilential hole!

What good is the look of a place? Of course, if that's all you want, well, yes.

But the people! Oh, my dear sir!

Know it? I know it too well. I knew it too long. I knew it for a couple of months. A couple of minutes would be too long!

Now, I'll tell you what I am. I'm a man of definite ideas. I loathe and detest woolly minds. Know what you want. Know how to get it. Go and get it. Yes, sir, that's me.

And the trouble with Little Wirts is that it's the most woolly minded place you could run into on this earth. Or, at any rate, the people are the most woolly minded people. A lot of gaping sheep!

When war broke out they stood about the High Street, looking at each other and wondering, or they sagged over each other's garden fences talking about what would have to be done. Talking about it.

As if that was the way to land Hitler one on the nose!

Now, if there's one fellow on this earth I can't stand it's Hitler.

But I never thought he was a fool, and from the minute war broke out I realised that talking about what would have to be done about him wasn't going to get anybody anywhere.

No, sir.

Largely they grow things down in that hole. Well, you know. But the way. Their methods!

I found half a dozen of them on the town bus one morning, going down to Bimbleberry's to buy seeds. An hour later I found 'em going back.

One had bought eightpenn'orth of seeds, another a shilling's-worth, another ninepenn'orth. And so on.

It had taken half a dozen grown men over an hour to buy about five bob's worth of seeds!

I ask you!

Mind, it wasn't just seeds. It was everything. And at last I could not stand it. I had to put it to them.

Well, I put it to Joe Ludd and Natty Arthurs really.

They were what is called the big noises in Little Wirts.

They stood about the High Street and sagged over each other's garden fences more and talked more than anyone else in the place.

Their fathers and grandfathers before them had been big noises down there, and anybody with the name of Ludd or Arthurs was looked up to and respected in Little Wirts.

Just because. Yes, sir. Can you believe it?

"This place is half asleep," I told them. "Do you realise that we are trying to land Hitler one on the nose? Do you realise that Hitler is the greatest menace we have ever had to face? This is a war, not a dozing contest!"

They said, how did I mean, so I gave 'em chapter and verse. Such as half a dozen grown men taking over an hour to buy about five bob's worth of seeds.

"You could increase the war effort of this dump over five hundred per cent.," I said.

THEY saw what I meant, but they shook their heads.

"The trouble is," they said, "you don't know Little Wirts. We've always gone on in our own way down here and we've always *got* on in our own way."

"Tripe!" said I. I mean, it's no use being just Percy with a lot of hicks.

"Times are different," I told them. "Doing what grandpapa did isn't going to get Hitler down in the mud. This dump wants a wake-up. Why don't you put it to them?"

"To them: who's them?" they asked.

"To *them*," said I.

"What, the whole town?" they asked.

"Certainly," said I.

"How?" said they.

"Call a town's meeting," said I. "Say, on the open space in front of the town hall. You'd get hundreds. Get up on your back legs and tell 'em."

But they couldn't see it.

They only shook their heads again and yawned.

"The old ways have always worked here," they said.

Right. That was good enough for me. If they wouldn't, I *would*.

So I had some handbills printed and put about and *I* called a town's meeting on the open space in front of the town hall. And hundreds *did* turn up, as I'd told Joe Ludd and Natty Arthurs.

And up on a box with me and I let 'em have it.

"We are facing," I said, "the greatest menace in our history, and what are *you* doing? This place is *asleep*. It doesn't realise. It makes about one per cent. of the effort it could, and that one per cent. is wasted. Organise! That's what you've got to do."

They said. how did I mean, wasted?

SO I told 'em. About the half-dozen grown men taking over an hour to buy about five bob's worth of seeds.

"You got to buy seeds," somebody shouted.

"Of course, you have," said I. "But one of that half-dozen could have bought all the seeds for that lot, saving five hours on the others' time, and five bus fares."

That's when I saw 'em look at each other.

"Appoint a seed-buyer," I said. "Let one do it. Then the rest of you can get on with things."

I went on.

It wasn't just seeds. It was everything. It was every side of their daily work. I let them see that if they weren't dead, they were pretty well at the last gasp, and they'd have to get a jerk in it if they wanted to pull their weight.

"*And*," I finished, "if nobody else can put a jerk in it for you, I will. So long as I'm in this dump I'll keep you up to scratch if you can't do it yourselves. Somebody's got to. We've got to beat the menace once and for all."

Long after I'd left the open space in front of the town hall they were still there, talking. I could hear them from the bedroom in my hotel.

Well, I know for a fact that *that* made Little Wirts sit up and take notice.

And I didn't leave it there.

I kept 'em on the hop. I talked to 'em in the streets, I talked to 'em in the shops, I tackled 'em on the bus. Wake up! Organise! Pep! Ginger! That was my line.

It made me sick to think of Hitler sweeping on while people over here just yawned and tried to remember how grandpapa did it.

I wrote letters to the local newspaper. Stinging letters. Yes, sir, I let Little Wirts have a real earful.

And after a bit I began to make enquiries. What about production? Was it on the up?

I buttonholed Joe Ludd and Natty Arthurs.

"Dunno," they said. "Maybe a bit worse. Nothing in it, maybe."

"Worse?" said I. "It couldn't be worse. Seeds, now, to take one thing. What was done there? Did they appoint a general buyer for all of 'em?"

"Heard Seppy Jones sayin' suthin' about it," muttered Natty Arthurs.

"What?" I asked.

"Wasn't rightly listenin'," said Natty Arthurs.

IT made me boil up and over the pan, just to hear such spineless tosh as that.

"This Seppy Jones. Who is he? Where's he live?" I asked.

They told me. And round to see Seppy Jones I went.

And, well, I ask you!

Know what I found? I found a *row*. An argument that went on and on.

There were about twenty of 'em. And they'd got it all worked out. Enough seeds for the lot would cost about a pound.

And one man could carry the lot. Easy.

"Well, then?" said I.

"Ah, yes, mister," they said, "but buy a pound's-worth an ye get two bob discount."

"Well?" said I.

"Well, mister," they said, "it be only right as one what fetches lot fer others gets discount."

"Well?" said I.

"Well, mister," they said, "which of us fetches lot?"

"Well," said I. "Which?"

And that's when I found out that that was what the row was about! And it had gone on so long that no seeds at all had been bought that day!

Was I disgusted? Yes, sir, you've got it! And when I thought of Hitler . . .

So I put out some more handbills—real snorters this time—and I called another public meeting in front of the town hall and I let 'em have it.

"Instead of getting better this dump is getting worse!" I said.

Natty Arthurs spoke up then.

"We've always gone on in our own way down here," he said, "and we've always *got* on in our own way."

"So did your grandfather!" I retorted.

"That's what I say," said Natty.

Then I told 'em about the row over the two-bob discount.

And that no seeds at all had been bought.

"Our way, mister," said Seppy Jones, "we did get the seeds!"

"Ah!" said about half a dozen of 'em.

"Hitler . . ." I began to shout.

AND that, I regret to have to say, sir, *that* is when I stopped the cabbage.

And I don't know who it was I fell on. I hope it was Joe Ludd. Or Natty Arthurs. Or even Seppy Jones. Though any of them would have done. A detestable crowd, the people of Little Wirts.

I'd like to have fallen on the whole damn lot of 'em.

Mind, it wasn't throwing the cabbage at me that rankled. It wasn't even pitching me in the river just afterwards.

No, sir.

It was what they said.

"You hop it, right out o' Little Wirts. We got on good before you came along. Go and shove yur nose in somewhere else. We don't want no 'Itlers 'ere!"

WORK

as you've never worked before!

but don't forget this

POINT

FITNESS COMES FIRST

We've got to keep fit; we've got to make good the wear and tear of everyday work and worry. Here's a useful recipe; a glass of rich, ruby Red Point wine as a reward for the day's work, to put new life into you; to give you a fresh start. Produced with the finest imported grape-juice, Red Point is yours to enjoy for 3/3d. a bottle.

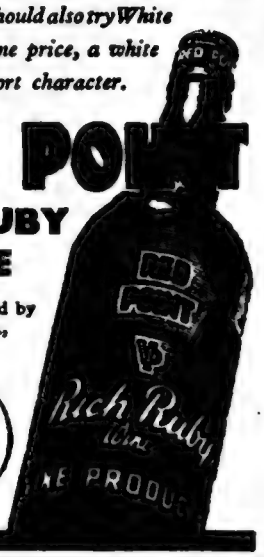
**Red Point is a rich ruby wine of Port character. You should also try White Point, at the same price, a white sweet wine of Port character.*

RED POINT

RICH RUBY WINE

Produced & Bottled by Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey.

3'3 PER BOTTLE



MINISTRY OF FOOD

THIS WEEK'S

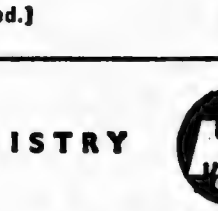
FOOD FACTS

WE'RE all helping on the Kitchen Front; making use of things which perhaps we shouldn't have bothered with in peace-time; making economies in ways that hadn't occurred to us till the present emergency.

A number of suggestions have already been given. Here are some more. Now send in some of yours. You'll find the address at the foot of this announcement.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

Complete Meal on One Burner



You can save fuel by cooking a whole meal in one steamer (and steaming, of course, is one of the best methods of cooking).

If you haven't a steamer, try this method. Put three 2 lb. stone jam jars into one large saucepan in which there are several inches of boiling water. A piece of old blanket or a wad of newspaper spread on the bottom of the pan will prevent the jars rattling.

You can cook a meat stew in one jar and a suet pudding in the second; these will take about 2 hours. Shredded cabbage in the third jar and potatoes in their jackets packed round the jars will take about ½ hour. Cover the tops of the jars with margarine papers and put the lid on the pan. It's a simple, economical and healthy way of cooking.

Swede juice for babies

Everyone knows that orange juice is a wonderful protective food for babies. Few people know it has an excellent alternative—the juice of raw swedes and turnips. To prepare this, wash and peel the vegetables and grate them into a piece of clean butter muslin. Twist up the cloth and squeeze out the juice. Give two to three times as much of this juice as you would of orange juice.

Make your own Flavourings

No wasting of celery and spring onion tops this year, please. Shred the tops finely and either sprinkle them into salads, or dry them and store them in jars for flavouring soups and stews in the winter. The outside golden skins of onions can be dried, powdered, and and used for flavouring.

It's not too late to dry parsley. Wash it well, shake, and dry on a piece of paper in a very moderate oven for ½ to ¾ hour with the door ajar. Let it become really crisp. Keep it in airtight tin or jar away from the light. Add it liberally to every dish you can, for parsley is extremely rich in iron.

A Wholesome Drink

Most people are comforted at a time of strain by sipping a hot drink. Cocoa is an excellent thing to serve in the air-raid shelter. It has a sustaining value as well as a soothing one; it is quick and easy to make. Add a tin to your emergency store.

Onions and Lemons

After Monday, November 4th, under price orders made by the Ministry of Food, Onions must not be sold at more than 4½d. a lb. and lemons at not more than 6½d a lb.

Turn on the wireless at 8.15 every morning to hear useful hints and recipes.

15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

—a wonderful help in soups, stews—just as delicious with roast dishes. Highly nutritive.

Batchelor's
PEAS BEANS CARROTS

To make sure of 'Batchelor's' is to make sure of Quality and Value.

COBRA
gives such a clear brilliance
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WHITE
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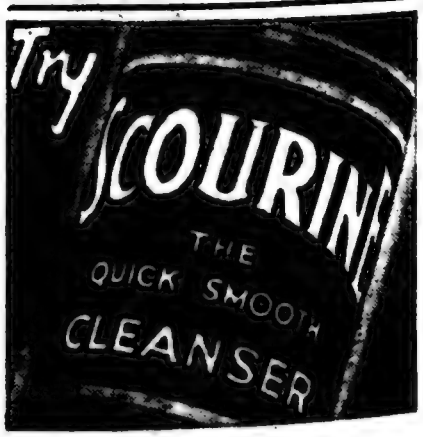

Get some from WOOLWORTH'S or from any grocer or stores

They Say I am Dying!

HUMANIST advises a girl in her twenties, who wants to go on living to the full, even though her life is coming to an end. Can he help you with your problems?

IF one could choose between a long jog-trot existence and a short life crammed with adventure, how many of us would prefer the latter?

One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

The question made its appearance in a letter that explains itself.

"I am a girl in my twenties," says the writer, "and I am the victim of a disease that no doctor can cure. I am quite reconciled.

"I am able to get about quite well.

"I appear quite healthy. As long as I can conceal my sufferings from others, I want to continue my work.

"But my friends and my doctor want me to remain at home.

"The only advantage to be gained would be prolonging my life. Hard work would certainly hasten the end.

"I have always had excellent health until this happened. I feel now that I would prefer a short, useful life. If I give up, I shall have so much time to think; by keeping busy I could forget.

"I put the question to you!

"Shall I take the advice of my friends? Shall I follow my own instincts and carry on?"

Should I make myself miserable because death is so near to me or should I enjoy life while I can?

Not an easy question to answer for another person. If I had to decide the same problem for myself, I would continue to work to the finish.

Waiting—just waiting—is depressing.

Waiting for an operation: waiting for the dentist; waiting for a train that may not appear for hours.

These things are trying to the human spirit at the best of times.

But sitting at home waiting for death to come to a girl in the twenties. . . .

No, it would be far better to carry on an active life as long as possible, and to die in harness.

John Wesley was once asked what he would do if he knew he was going to die to-morrow. His answer was that he would continue to keep his appointments as planned. He would preach until Death intervened.

Message from Beyond

A letter from an eighteen-year-old girl deals with a different sort of problem.

"I am engaged to a young soldier," she writes, "but he has been reported 'missing.' His name has not appeared in the lists of prisoners in Germany.

"I recently accompanied my fiancé's brother to a spiritualist meeting. The medium told me that my boy was dead. She gave me his regiment, station and particulars of his past life, all of which were quite true.

"She also told me how and where he was killed.

"Since then I have been consoled by this younger brother and have grown fond of him.

"Last week, quite suddenly, he asked me to marry him.

"What do you think I ought to do?

"Should I sacrifice the best years of my life in the faint chance that my beloved may come back to me?

"Should I try to forget the tragedy and live happily with his brother?"

Wait a Little

The girl does not say how long ago it was that her fiancé was reported missing, but I presume it was before Dunkirk. It seems early days to be relinquishing hope. I advise her to appeal to the British Red Cross Society.

She would feel more than embarrassed if her former sweetheart returned to find his place taken by his brother.

The girl is still young.

She might wait at least a year before assuming the worst.

Here is another letter, containing a problem that is all too common nowadays.

"A colleague of mine," writes a man, "had the shock of his life when he discovered that his wife had been going about with another man.

"He ordered her out of the house, and for a couple of months she lived with her sister twenty miles away.

"Full of remorse, the wife made a number of heart-breaking appeals to be allowed to return home, if only for the sake of the three children who were being cared for by neighbours.

"Eventually she was reinstated in the home, and, to all appearances, they are a happy, loving couple once more.

"But it has come to my knowledge from two different sources that she is still meeting the other man whenever the opportunity occurs. Both my informants say they could vouch for their statements, but they don't wish their names to be mentioned.

"I should like your advice.

"Should I tell the husband what I have heard, or should I say nothing to anyone?"

Opinions will probably be divided on this question.

It would be interesting to know what other readers think about it.

The wife's behaviour is indefensible.

Her "heart-breaking" appeals to be taken back could not have been sincere. She is double-crossing her husband.

But ought an outsider to control her conduct because he disapproves of it?

The woman is a responsible adult, able to think for herself, and capable of demanding to be free from supervision.

It is not an easy question to answer, but if I were the writer of the letter I should say nothing. He has no first-hand knowledge. He can only quote hearsay, and that without permission.

But even if he had seen the pair together I doubt the wisdom of informing the husband.

News Will Spread

No doubt somebody will spread the news fast enough, but I should prefer not to be the person to start the conflagration.

The whole question should be carried further.

If a woman is seen in the company of a man other than her husband, have we any right to jump to the worst conclusions?

We are not in their confidence; we don't know all the circumstances. It is always possible that there is a perfectly innocent explanation of their being together.

There is such a thing as genuine friendship into which sex does not enter.

Why cannot it be accepted without nasty suspicions?

But evil-minded gossips either make such friendship impossible or drive it into secret hiding-places.

I know so many of these man-woman friendships that have been ruined by people who are incapable of understanding. They scent scandal as a vulture scents his ghastly meal.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without your name, of course).

THE GREATEST OF THESE

DAUGHTER of an Indian Mutiny veteran, and widow of a surveyor, sixty-two-years-old Mrs. Grenfell, of a South London suburb, has lost her home in an air raid. Although she has been troubled by chronic ill-health for many years, has just managed to maintain herself, paying her way with difficulty.

But this crushing blow has not only taken away everything she possessed but also undermined her health completely.

She appeals to you for clothes and for monetary assistance.

Please help this aged heroine of the Home Front. She deserves recognition.

Send what you can, earmarked "Mutiny," to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

We are grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

"When People Know They are Right"

PEOPLE never give in when they really know they are right; you might as well try to blow the stars out of the sky at night. You might as well try to turn back Time and bring Progress to a close, for when the Soul is set upon its course its strength for ever grows.

PEOPLE never give in when they have a cause at heart; though Force be arrayed against them, they still follow their spiritual chart. Hazards prove stepping-stones across Time's swirling stream, for People never give in when their hearts hold a Righteous Dream.

PEOPLE never give in when they have a Rightful Goal, though every trick of Evil be brought under Hate's control, to persecute and break them beneath Sin's dark-spurred Heel, but People never give in who believe in their Life's Ideal.

PEOPLE never give in who hold their Faith so high that rather than haul it down they will suffer all and die. For Faith is a Torch Divine which is carried beyond Life's Span; it was Lit by Christ upon The Cross and burns in the Soul of Man.

PEOPLE never give in when they know that they are right, for Right goes marching on like a great and glorious Light, for nothing can stem its course; it transcends all earthly Gloom, for Right is God's Law of Life and Wrong is Man's self-made Tomb.

J. M.

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9/- DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table carriage paid. Here is the ideal method of finding relief from today's worries. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Pay balance as you play. A size for every room. Write for Art List of all types. Buy NOW before prices increase.

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How NOT to catch Colds, 'Flu and Epidemics

When you feel "done," whacked to the wide, chilled and worried, your vitality is low and you are an easy prey to germs—colds, 'flu and worse. You need defence against germ-invaders.

What is your best defence? Iodine. It regulates your whole health. Doctors agree you need tiny quantities every minute every day. The best way to get Iodine into your system is to inhale it. That's why breathing iodine-charged sea air is so good. How can you be sure of Iodine all the time? Wear a Simpson Iodine Locket round your neck or in vest pocket. Iodine liberated by body-heat rises continually to your nostrils. You are immune from germs. 3,000,000 wearers have proved it.

A Simpson Locket costs only 1/9 from chemists who still have untaxed stock. If difficulty, post free for 2/3 (inc. Purchase Tax) from J. W. Simpson (Chemist), Ltd. (Dept. K.9), Bartletts Passage, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Would you like a free tin of Iodine Ointment for your First Aid kit? Just send a postcard.

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Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

When gums bleed—look out!

That bleeding is your warning of gum-rot (pyorrhoea) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis). Use Gibbs S.R. Toothpaste. It contains your dentist's own remedy for gum disease—Sodium Ricinoleate. Regularly used, it keeps gums and teeth in perfect health.

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Voice of The People

This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

Address: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

COMMUNAL feeding may have a lot to recommend it, but its advocates, who seem stunned because good meals can be served at eightpence a head, lose sight of one vital thing.

Few housewives can afford eightpence a head.

Give the average woman with husband and three children 3s. 4d. for a dinner (that is, five eightpences) and she will cook something that no communal kitchen will improve on.—Inman Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

Communal feeding, excellent in emergencies, will never beat the kitchen-proud housewife.

THE Rev. Canon W. H. Rigg, Archdeacon of Bodmin, says, "The armchair and the Cross do not go well together."

He then proceeds to slate broadcast religious services.

To my mind, the radio has taken religion to millions who never enter a church. I fail to see how it can have done the slightest bit of harm anywhere.

Gone are the days when a hard seat or pew and lugubrious looks were presumed to be a passport to Paradise.—R. W. Lock, c/o Watermoor Road, Cirencester, Glos.

SIR JOHN REITH has a heavy responsibility in planning homes for the New Britain.

I suggest: No more plaster ceilings; all rafters and joists to be fireproofed; outdoor stop-cock to gas supply; water-supply stop-cock on each floor; flat roofs, easily accessible; exceptionally strong construction of all floors.

All this because one dare not presume that there will never be another war.—R. Lombard, Agincourt Road, Hampstead.

Plans for post-war houses are being tested in rural areas. Chief aim is to use minimum amount of timber, because there is bound to be a shortage of seasoned wood for years. Most houses will probably be built to a few standardised designs. Yet there is no special precaution against future wars.

I WAS talking to a Polish private at ——— and found his knowledge of the district was amazing.

He told me he had been a German prisoner of war in the locality during the last war, and was interested to know that I was a prisoner in Germany.

Since then, he has been recognised by local men who were his captors!—John C. Johnstone, Edinburgh Road, Peebles, Scotland.

WHERE are the dried peas so much liked in hundreds of thousands of homes?

Cooked properly, they are far nicer than the ready-cooked tinned article—and surely tin-plate is worth saving in war time.

We are asked to be thrifty and economical. The most economical of all foods has become unprocurable.—D. E. Williams, Glyn-y-mel Road, Lower Fishguard.

Ministry of Agriculture tried hard to get farmers to grow the kinds of pea Lancashire loves in its pease-pudding. Lord Woolton made desperate efforts to get production raised to compensate for lost imports. But the results have been disappointing. Dried peas, by the way, have a certain vitamin value lacking in fresh garden peas.

ONE hears tailors grumbling because officers have delayed paying for their kits, and officers grumbling because their grants for kits haven't arrived.

While appreciating that officers expect special fittings, surely all grumbling can be cut out by making officers' uniforms an Army issue—or getting the War Office to send the money direct to the trader concerned.—Mrs. S. Millwood, Pelham Avenue, Grimsby.

Take care, madam, or you will find yourself in the Tower. It is a dreadful thing to ask the Army hierarchy to depart from ancient custom, even in the interests of efficiency.

LIFE is funny, isn't it?

If we had set about strengthening our Navy, Air Force and other defences when the great slump descended on us, we shouldn't have had that 2,000,000 army of unemployed, those depressed coal, steel, iron and shipping industries.

We wouldn't have had this war.

We would have been so strong that Hitler wouldn't have dared to tackle us.

Then the Economaniacs would have turned round and said: "You see what has happened. All those hundreds of millions of pounds have been wasted. We told you."—Thomas E. Jackson, Westwick Road, Beauchief, Sheffield.

"DIG for Victory" by all means—but there is something comical, or pathetic, about a man tackling virgin soil with the cheapest spade he can buy, and hoping for giant crops when he is doomed to do little more than oblige pests with breeding grounds.

Why not group men in batches of fifty and lend each of them an auto-cultivator?

We could lend experts, too, and thus ensure crops in a good, steady flow—instead of fluctuating between glut and scarcity. Yet that is bound to happen under our present primitive allotment scheme.—Thomas Pugsley, Stackpool Road, Bristol.

MERE words can't describe the welcome given by the Welsh people of these parts to little evacuees from bombed London.

Yet a few miserable minds of the Executive Committee for Safeguarding Welsh Culture have seen a "danger to Welsh culture" in their presence here, and have asked the Welsh Parliamentary Party whether these foreigners can't be sent away.

I would be insulting Wales if I pointed out that such thoughts don't represent the views of one Welshman in a million.—C. W., c/o Broadway, Cardiff.

London once entertained little children from the depressed areas of South Wales. We were the better for seeing them. Wales feels just the same about our kiddies, despite a small handful of people who follow the Nazi fashion of mouthing about Kultur.

THIS district has shelter protection for one person in six—and that mainly of the surface kind.

In streets that have been bombed there are shelters without roofs. They have been standing like that for weeks.

"No cement," says the council.

If there is no cement, use the millions of railway sleepers kept in reserve by railway companies. Use paving stones. Tear up a few, if necessary.

Go out. Look round. There is enough solid material in this country—stuff that can be moved and put back when wanted—to make every man, woman and child as safe against the bombers as though down a deep Tube station.—Miss Griffiths, Somewhere in Middlesex.

JOHN BULL hopes the authorities thoroughly digest this letter. They are cement-minded, as the French were Maginot Line-minded. If there were no cement works in this country, we would find other ways of protecting ourselves. Why be so helpless and hopeless because cement supplies are limited?

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped addressed envelope must be sent with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

No Running Wild

IMAGINATION is like fire—a good servant, but a terrible master. As a mental tool, controlled and used deliberately, its powers are vast. Yet once you allow it to run away with you, its effects are "devastating."

Too little imagination is apt to produce selfishness, thoughtlessness, complete lack of understanding of others and their difficulties: but too much is certain to produce all sorts of emotional ills.

Just now the attack on Britain looms big. It is big. We shouldn't minimise it. But we should also refuse to let our imaginations magnify it to the exclusion of lots of other facts.

The world is a big place.

The British Empire is a vast concern. Look at a map to see for yourself. Then, with a *big* map in front of you, *use* your imagination—and stop it running away with you.

Let us look again at present happenings. We hear of this and that being bombed.

We see the results—and far too many of us then let our imaginations take unfettered control of our emotions.

We should curb them.

Britain is a big place.

Even our own locality is a big place. Look at the thousands of places that have not been hit. Look at a map.

See what a vast amount has not been touched at all.

Unchecked imagination completely warps outlook and judgment.

Imagination running riot always ranges the gloomy avenues, never the bright and cheerful.

Yet, despite all that is happening, the vast bulk of life goes on as it always has. The endless details of daily life still have to be watched.

Life must still be lived.

These are facts.

Imagination can colour and distort them, but they remain facts.

Keep a tight grip on them.

Keep an even tighter grip on your imagination. You'll be the saner and healthier for it.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"Incendiary and explosive bombs were dropped on Cologne, causing 16 FATALITIES, four of which were fatal."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"People who had had to leave their homes prefer to make arrangements for billeting with their own relatives or FIENDS."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"At the time the baby was being carried in its MONTH'S arms."

SUNDERLAND ECHO:—"The cycle worth £2, was sold for 6s. AS a garage."

GRIMSBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"Since the war started more than 1,000 applications have been received by the Comptroller of PATIENTS for permission to operate enemy patents under licence."

HOME CHAT:—"The perfection of her red-gold hair, her ruby toe-nails—all TWENTY of them . . ."

SUNDAY EXPRESS:—"What's more, the Air Force instructors have to be real workers. A glance at the schedule, starting at 6.30 in the YAWNING, proves that point."

THE ADVERTISER:—"Now 76 years of age, Mr. S—— is as fit as many a man twenty years his SENIOR."

NEWCASTLE JOURNAL AND NORTH MAIL:—"O—— was also fined 5s. for having failed to sign his identity card by SIGNING it."

SUNDAY GRAPHIC:—"Householders are actually getting the warning signals sent out to wardens on their portable units by means of TICKETS on household lights."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Young Mac got back all right, but at least a foot of his starboard WINK was missing."

BIRKENHEAD ADVERTISER:—"Heavy anti-aircraft fire was put up and seemed more intense as the THIRD raid, the FIFTH of the day, was in progress."

DAILY DISPATCH:—". . sentenced to PANEL servitude."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"Cotton was DYING in Alexandria, ready for shipment."

It SAVES to buy from H. SAMUEL —more to-day than ever!

If you want a really good, dependable watch, a fine diamond ring or other lifetime treasure you'll get EXTRA value at H. Samuel's, and make a big saving into the bargain! The secret lies in his huge resources, special production methods, and because he sells to you *direct from his own craftsmen!* What's more—any desired article is obtainable on a whole month's trial and your satisfaction or money back is guaranteed! Visit your nearest branch, or post the coupon below for FREE CATALOGUE.

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for pleasure!

IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST
PLEASE EMPTY YOUR PACKET AND FILL IT WITH THE UTMOST CARE

Make your own Cough Mixture

A NEW RECIPE

No other remedy gives such quick relief in all cases of Coughs, Colds or other Bronchial troubles as this recipe. If these directions are carefully followed it can easily be prepared in a very few minutes.

Directions: Heat half a pint of water (but it must not be boiling) and to this you simply add one ounce of Parmint (double strength) which is made up from 10 ingredients as used in the good old-fashioned remedies, and can be supplied by any good chemist. If you should have a little sugar to spare one or two spoonfuls may be added, taking care that it is well dissolved. A tablespoonful of the made-up mixture after the three principal meals and before retiring at night will bring a speedy end to your Bronchial troubles.—Advt.

Walk on Iodine & End COLD FEET

—forerunner of Chilblains, Coughs, Colds and Rheumatism

Thousands of people going about with Cold Feet to-day will be in bed to-morrow. That's the danger. When feet are numb vitality is low, and your health frontier wide open to attack. That's when germs strike—coughs, colds, 'flu and worse. Think of your comfort and take care of yourself.

You can have toasty warm feet always. Put Simpson Iodine Socks in your shoes and know what foot-joy really is—in 3 minutes! Your shoes fill with Iodine vapour; your pores absorb it; your circulation is whipped up; you v instep is a-tingle, with a lovely dry warmth—not a "sweaty" heat. Comfort in action, protection at rest. Send a pair to your fighting boy. He needs them.

Be sure to get genuine Simpson Brand Socks. Price 1/3 from chemists who still have untaxed stock. If difficulty, post free for 1/9 (inc. Purchase Tax) from J. W. Simpson (Chemist) Ltd. (Dept. X.5), Bartletts Passage, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Would you like a free tin of Iodine Ointment for your First Aid kit? Just send a postcard.

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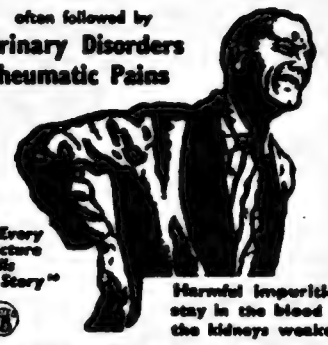

Harmful impurities stay in the blood if the kidneys weaken

NEVER trifle with kidney ailments. Relieve backache, urinary and bladder weakness, rheumatic pains, aching muscles and joints, puffy eyes and dizzy attacks, before they can become more serious. The cause in each case is a poisoned condition due to the failure of the kidneys to filter impurities and wastes from the blood.

Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney remedy cleanses, strengthens and stimulates the kidney filters so that blood purity is restored and ease and comfort are regained. You can rely upon a medicine that has been used and publicly recommended by 50,000 grateful men and women.

Ask for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

SAVE YOUR HAIR!

In thousands of cases war work and worries are resulting in impoverished, falling hair, causing thin patches and threatening baldness. Men in uniform are especial sufferers. Tight-fitting hats and heavy steel helmets restrict circulation and start numerous hair troubles—unless you take care.

The treatment—for men and women alike—is rub in Silvikrin every day. If the root is alive Silvikrin will grow hair. Silvikrin—the result of years of research by brilliant bio-chemists—is the hair's natural food. Silvikrin contains the fourteen organic elements which the hair root must have to produce healthy hair. To keep your scalp healthy and restore lost hair, start rubbing in Silvikrin to-day. To prevent dandruff and falling hair—use Silvikrin Lotion. For severe cases use Pure Silvikrin.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. L-101-L

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In 6 weeks I had put on 22 lbs. Read this letter:—"Until a few months ago I was weary and weak. I had dizzy spells and suffered from constipation and indigestion. After using various patent foods I tried Irvona and the result was astounding. In 6 weeks I put on twenty-eight pounds and was brimful of health and energy, enabling me to do a good day's work and feel full of energy and vitality." "IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price, from

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MARY ANN—The KILLER

Frank Moran was a Pittsburg dentist who found a more profitable way of depriving people of their teeth. He knocked 'em out! And the devastating punch with which he thrashed champions became known as "Mary Ann." It was this unorthodox "haymaker" that gave him a permanent place among the Giants of the Ring, says

A. W. HELLIWELL

TEN thousand diamonds glittered at the ringside of the Velodrome d'Hiver. It was the eve of the Grand Prix.

Sportsmen from all parts of the world had come to Paris to see the black champion, Jack Johnson, defend his crown against the tall, sandy-haired Pittsburg dentist, Frank Moran.

And their women folk were there to see the immaculate, silk-shirted referee, Champion Carpentier, brilliant fighter and debonair "orchid man," who had made a big fight a social engagement worthy of white ties and tails.

Johnson, displaying his gold teeth in a wide grin, was the focus of every eye.

Hardly anyone paid attention to the white man sitting quietly and silently in his corner.

Theatrical Negro

They were all watching the vain and theatrical negro, posing like a statue hewn from black marble as he allowed his magnificent robe to drop from his shoulders, chuckling with delight as he heard the gasp of astonishment from the audience as they glimpsed the startling, electric-blue satin shorts he wore.

For six years he had strutted as champion of the world, a great and unbeatable fighter who had sneeringly battered into insensibility the succession of "white hopes" who challenged him.

Moran was the latest of these.

A comparative newcomer to the ranks of pugilism, he had hammered his way to a fight for the title in four years, principally by the employment of a devastating wallop which he christened his "Mary Ann."

Those who saw the big, husky Pittsburger in action still speak of this famous punch in tones of awe and respect.

Moran's Mary Ann was, beyond all shadow of doubt, one of the most terrifying and spectacular blows in the history of boxing.

It was a terrific right-hand swing that more often than not started from the region of the floor.

Moran's style was certainly unorthodox and far from pretty to watch, but he was a shrewd and calculating fighter, and the sleep-producing punch he called his Mary Ann was the result of constant practice.

He seldom shot it across until he had manœuvred his opponent into the right position to receive it, and there certainly was not a fighter in the world who was strong enough to take Mary Ann squarely on the chin and get up inside ten seconds.

Moran not only went the whole twenty rounds with Johnson—although, mark you, he was looked upon as a push-over for the champion—but he gave the negro the fight of his life, and certainly the hardest and closest battle he ever had as champion.

There were many occasions during the twenty rounds when Johnson was tottering on the verge of defeat after Moran had shot over his deadly Mary Ann.

Only a defence that bordered on the miraculous saved him.

Johnson, although he had done no serious fighting for some time, was a hot favourite, and practically all the betting was not on the result, but on which round he would send Moran the way of Tommy Burns, Stanley Ketchell, Jim Jeffries and the rest.

He stepped out to touch gloves with his challenger as arrogantly cocksure of himself as he had ever been.

With a sneer on his thick lips Johnson began to taunt Moran in the same way he had mocked Tommy Burns at Rushcutter's Bay six years before.

"Come on now, Frankie," he mocked, "let's see this famous punch you're supposed to have."

No Time Wasted

Moran, who always preferred the direct route to victory, needed no second invitation. Wasting no time on fancy sparring, he went straight in, swinging a terrific right-hander at the champion's chin.

Had it landed the fight would have ended there and then, but the negro still retained all his old skill and cunning.

Like a black shadow he moved out of distance, and as Moran's big fist fanned the air, Johnson's left shot up in a vicious uppercut that rattled the teeth in the white man's head.

With his enthusiasm slightly damped by that savage blow, Moran backed thoughtfully away, but it was soon plain that Johnson was going to leave all the initiative to his challenger.

Moran's style was certainly unorthodox and far from pretty to watch, but he was a shrewd and calculating fighter. The sleep-producing punch he called his "Mary Ann" was the result of constant practice

Unless Moran was attacking there was little action, but with the coloured fighter goading him with his bitter tongue, Frank was not long content to remain on the defensive.

The champion, despite his cleverness in riding some blows and parrying others, was taking severe punishment, and he was soon too busy keeping Moran and his menacing Mary Ann at bay to waste breath on his customary wise-cracks.

Moran, who was fighting at a hectic pace, kept wading in with reckless disregard for the consequences. He was as strong as a buffalo and evidently willing to take plenty so long as he could find an opening for a finishing punch.

But always the black wizard was too quick for him.

In the fifth round he had Johnson groggy.

Snarling With Rage

Staggered by a looping right that knocked his golden grin sideways, the champion stumbled on to his knees. He was up before the count began, snarling with rage—for his peacock pride was hurt—but like lightning Moran was after him, thudding short-arm punches into his ribs until he was forced to give ground.

The champion lurched back to his stool on rubbery legs after that disastrous round, and the whole arena was a-buzz with excited speculation.

In his corner Moran could hardly contain himself.

He was across the ring almost before Johnson had a chance to stand erect, and the packed stadium gasped as he shot over the father and mother of all Mary Anns!

It was a terrific punch, a punch that swung in a sizzling arc from somewhere around Moran's ankles, but he was over-impetuous and it landed an inch too high.

As it was it hurled Johnson back against the ropes as though he had been fired from a gun, and he hung there with his eyes rolling whitely, on the verge of collapse, as Moran chased after him.

Desperately Johnson flung his long black arms around Frank in a vice-like grip, hanging there until the mists cleared from his brain.

By the time Moran had managed to wrestle himself free his chance had gone, for Johnson withdrew even more behind his armour-plate defence and kept well away from that terrible right hand that had so nearly toppled him from his throne.

Frequent Clinches

More and more frequently he fell into clinches, taking advantage of his superior weight to tire Moran and deaden his muscles. Much of the fire went out of Frank's efforts, too, after the half-way mark was past, for he had fought at top speed when he thought he had the negro going, and now he was feeling the effects.

Johnson's short-arm jolts and uppercuts, although less spectacular than Moran's Mary Ann, had also taken severe toll, and the white man was badly cut and bruised about the face.

Only the champion's skill saved him in the closing minutes.

Groggy Champion

It was all he could do to raise his gloves to hold off Moran. His strength had left him. His speed had gone. He was flat-footed, gasping for breath, and utterly weary.

But his ringcraft and cunning were still there, and so while Moran made desperate efforts to land a knockout, he backed steadily away, boxing as he had never done before.

In the last few seconds the white man cut loose in a final wild effort, but Johnson, hanging on like a drowning man, managed to weather that final storm and walk unsteadily to his corner.

There he sagged on to his stool, utterly spent, while his seconds poured bottle upon bottle of vintage champagne over his shining head to revive him.

It was to Johnson's corner that Carpentier pointed, and Moran, crossing the ring with his gory face wearing a broad smile, took that decision like the true sportsman he was, but there were many there who thought that the verdict should have gone to him.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT XMAS GIFT FOR EVERY READER

For many years we have seen posters carrying the slogan "SHOP EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH." But this year more than ever before, everyone will be well advised to heed these words. The heavy call on transport caused by the war will inevitably delay delivery of Xmas parcels. That is why JOHN BULL, ever thoughtful for the convenience of its readers, gives you this opportunity to "SHOP EARLY AND AVOID *DELAY*."

There could be no more welcome Christmas Gift for yourself or for a friend serving with the Forces or for members of your family, than the magnificent Gift Fountain Pen and Writing Set offered by "John Bull" on page 23.

"John Bull" offers you a FREE Gift Voucher which will be accepted as 2s. 6d. cash in part payment for "John Bull's" famous Lever-Filling Fountain Pen; also a FREE Gift Voucher, which will be accepted as 7s. 0d. cash in part payment for "John Bull's" superb 12s. 6d. Writing Set De Luxe. There is sure to be a greater demand than ever for these Gift Writing Sets. Do not delay!

THE LAST LAUGH

S. N. (Stevenage).—"I dislike reading a book that makes my hair stand on end and fills my mind with a sense of despair." So do we, but the bank persists in sending it along to us at intervals.

JAMES G. (Bridgnorth).—"One must look out for some sharp evening frosts during the next week or two." We have already quite enough down here to look out for at night.

S. N. (Ireland).—"An armed bandit entered the room where a whist drive was in progress." Did he say: "Hands up!" or "Hands down!"?

PTE. G. (Aldershot).—"One of our new recruits used to be a professional sword-swallower in a circus." So now if you lose your bayonet the poor fellow will get the blame for it.

A. B. (Atherston).—"Have you ever risen at dawn to see the sun rise?" Well, it wouldn't be much use choosing any other time.

MISS F. (Newquay).—"I've had a ringing noise in my ears for some time now, but I just ignore it and carry on with my job." As a restaurant waitress, we take it?

S. L. (Epping).—"I often recite my poetry to the wild birds in the forest." No wonder they're wild.

S. B. (Tunstall). — "There is a lot more in ping-pong than just hitting the ball." Such as missing it, we suppose?

A. N. (Edenbridge).—"She did not seem satisfied although I promised her I would spend money on her as quickly as I could make it." Perhaps she wanted to know how quickly you were going to make it.

SOPRANO (Frimley).—"The night on which I was to have helped to entertain the troops they were sent out on a route march." Their commanding officer evidently had their welfare at heart.

FARMER (Norfolk).—"I'm afraid turkeys will be scarce round about Christmas this year." Well, do you really blame them for making themselves scarce about that time?

MRS. G. (Northenden). — "My neighbour declares that the clothes-line I am using belongs to her, but I told her I was going to hang on to it until she could produce proof." Aren't you afraid of it breaking and letting you down?

S. M. (Elstree).—"I intend to have my cold baths right through the winter." What of it! We had hot baths right through last summer.

S. B. (Bow).—"I claim to be the quickest pneumatic drill operator in London." Streets ahead of the others, eh?

F. L. (Earlestown).—"I have a lot of complaints to make about things in general, but between you and me. . . ." There's nearly two hundred miles, thank goodness.

S. N. (Manchester). — "Summer time is to continue right through the winter, but what difference does it really make to us townsfolk?" One hour.

N. W. (Conisborough).—"Do you realise that the House of Commons can be cleared in four minutes if there is an air raid?" Yes, but they would only come back again after the "All Clear."

R. C. (Dundee).—"I can't understand why my brother thought it such a great joke when I received my calling-up papers." See letter below.

D. C. (Dundee). — "My brother takes exactly the same size in clothes and shoes as I do." See letter above.

CONJUROR (Warley). — "The atmosphere of the sergeants' mess during the smoking concert made it difficult for me to give a good show." But surely it must have been easy to make things disappear into thick air?

DISGUSTED (Deal).—"There's not a single thing a woman can keep to herself." What about her past?

V. V. (Epsom).—"The modern woman who backs a horse occasionally does not fail to preserve her feminine characteristics." You mean she does not put much on?

B. L. (Camberwell).—"The days of miracles are past." Possibly, but you should see what the money-grabbers can make into a "furnished flat" in reception areas.

(Side-slips : See page 19)

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"All right! Let 'em 'ave the French ports for a bit, but what 'ave they done to our lines of communication? Nothin'!"

RESULT OF X-WORD No. 225.

The following seven competitors share £100, each receiving £14 5s. 10d. Their entries differed at one point only from most meritorious Answers seen in square below :—

A. BENNETT, c/o Duthie, Millereehy Bay, Rowardennan, Loch Lomond ; J. CRAVEN, "Rosebank" Lodge, Elwick Road, W. Hartlepool ; Miss B. GOOLDING, 28, Maxwell Road, Welling, Kent ; Mrs. M. LUCAS, 6, Glanyrafon Road, Pencoed, Bridgend ; A. E. OLIVER, 40, Malvern Road, Thornton Heath ; E. PRITCHARD, c/o 13, The Drive, Giffach, Barrood ; Mrs. E. TRAVERSE, 107, Dragon Lane, Whiston, Prescot.

£25 First Runners-up Award is shared between 83 entrants, each receiving 6s. 1d. Surprise Awards for each of 482 Second Runners-up.

The Committee decided the most apt and accurate Answers were those in square on right. Blank spaces indicate that FOOD or FOND and BED, FED or WED were Answers of equal merit.

F	O	D		L	I	F	E					
U	N		S	T	A	T	E		P			
N	E	M	O		X		E	M	U			
N		U		W		E	L	A	N			
Y	E	S		A	S	S		Z				
			T	A	R	T			E	D		
		G		L		A				U		
L	A	U	D	E	R		N	U	T			
A	M		E	D	E	N		P	C			
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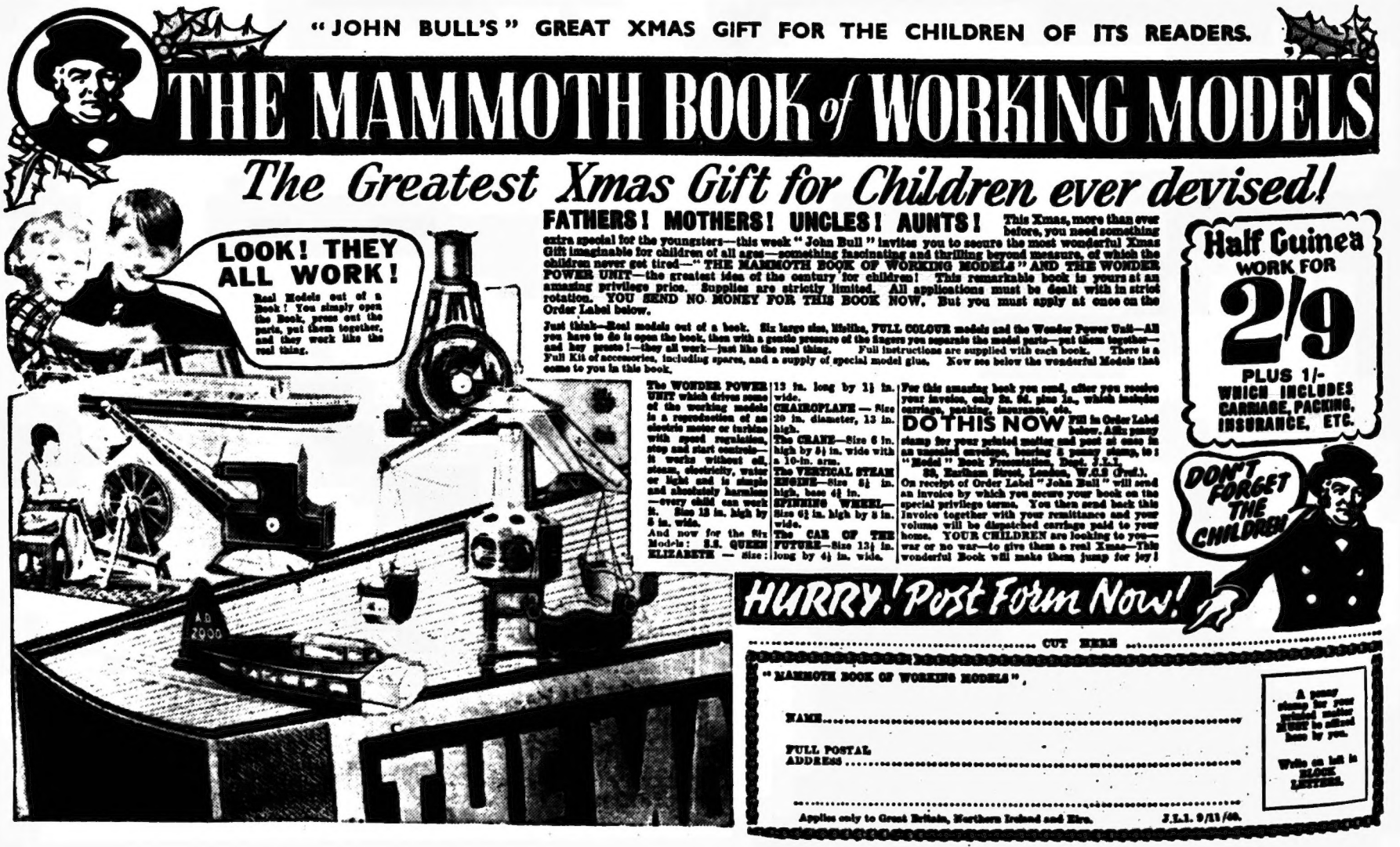

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT XMAS GIFT FOR THE CHILDREN OF ITS READERS.
THE MAMMOTH BOOK of WORKING MODELS
The Greatest Xmas Gift for Children ever devised!
LOOK! THEY ALL WORK!
Real Models out of a Book! You simply open the Book, press out the parts, put them together, and they work like the real thing.
FATHERS! MOTHERS! UNCLES! AUNTS!
This Xmas, more than ever before, you need something extra special for the youngsters—this week "John Bull" invites you to secure the most wonderful Xmas Gift imaginable for children of all ages—something fascinating and thrilling beyond measure, of which the children never get tired—"THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF WORKING MODELS" AND THE WONDER POWER UNIT—the greatest idea of the century for children! This remarkable book is yours at an amazing privilege price. Supplies are strictly limited. All applications must be dealt with in strict rotation. YOU SEND NO MONEY FOR THIS BOOK NOW. But you must apply at once on the Order Label below.
Just think—Real models out of a book. Six large size, lifelike, FULL COLOUR models and the Wonder Power Unit—All you have to do is open the book, then with a gentle pressure of the fingers you separate the model parts—put them together—and hey presto!—they all work—just like the real thing. Full instructions are supplied with each book. There is a Full Kit of accessories, including spares, and a supply of special model glue. Now see below the wonderful Models that come to you in this book.
The WONDER POWER UNIT which drives some of the working models is a reproduction of an electric motor or turbine with speed regulation, stop and start controls—it works without oil, steam, electricity, water or light and is simple and absolutely harmless—every child can work it. Size 13 in. high by 8 in. wide.
And now for the Six Models: S.S. QUEEN ELIZABETH — size: 13 in. long by 1½ in. wide.
CHAIROPLANE — Size 20 in. diameter, 13 in. high.
The CRANE—Size 6 in. high by 5½ in. wide with a 10-in. arm.
The VERTICAL STEAM ENGINE—Size 8½ in. high, base 4½ in.
SPINNING WHEEL—Size 6½ in. high by 8 in. wide.
The CAR OF THE FUTURE—Size 13½ in. long by 6½ in. wide.
Half Guinea WORK FOR 2/9 PLUS 1/- WHICH INCLUDES CARRIAGE, PACKING, INSURANCE, ETC.
DO THIS NOW Fill in Order Label below. Affix penny stamp for your printed matter and post at once in an unsealed envelope, bearing ½ penny stamp, to: "Model" Book Presentation, Dept. J.L.1, 80, Earlham Street, London, W.C.2 (Ind.).
On receipt of Order Label "John Bull" will send an invoice by which you secure your book on the special privilege terms. You then send back this Invoice together with your remittance and your volume will be dispatched carriage paid to your home. YOUR CHILDREN are looking to you—war or no war—to give them a real Xmas—This wonderful Book will make them jump for joy!
DON'T FORGET THE CHILDREN
HURRY! Post Form Now!
CUT HERE
"MAMMOTH BOOK OF WORKING MODELS".
NAME.....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....
A penny stamp for your printed matter MUST be affixed here by you.
Write on left in BLOCK LETTERS.
Applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.L.1. 9/11/40.

BULLETS

FINE 1st PRIZE for 2, 3 or 4 WORDS ... and XMAS DINNERS GALORE

OVER £250 in BULLETS' CASH and XMAS FARE

£100

£20 | £10

100/- | 95/- | 90/- | 85/- | 80/-

75/- | 70/- | 65/- | 60/- | 55/- | 50/-

Win a John Bull Turkey!

25 PLUMP XMAS TURKEYS

50 FINE XMAS FOWLS

1,000 3-in-1 MERIT AWARDS

RULES: 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE: Send P.O. or stamps at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,247, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

1,040 WINNERS THIS WEEK!

£50 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,243

W. H. JOHNSON, 238, Brocksford St., Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent.
Example: No MAN'S LAND
Bullet: WHERE MEN "CRAWL."

£20, Second Prize: K. Lewis, 4, Berry Road, Newquay.
Example: Comradeship
Bullet: Reaches "Peak" Amidst Cruises.

£10, Third Prize: D. J. Bailey, 41, Sonning Street, Barnsbury, N.
Example: London
Bullet: Losing Beauty—Gaining Admiration.

100s.: Mrs. A. Chiswell, 17, Acre Place, Devonport, Plymouth.
Getting To Work—Difficult, Over The "Sleepers."

80s.: Mrs. F. Deller, 5, Queensland Place, Holloway, N.
At Hitler's Back—Not Hitler's *Back*, France.

60s.: C. Wilkins, 200, Burlington Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
London—Bulldog's "Seat" Worrying Goering!

40s.: C. Hendrick, 42, Prince Road, South Norwood, S.E.
Britain United—"*Front*" Visiting *Hitler* Soon!

30s.: Mrs. A. Barker, 198, Slade Green Road, Erith.
Gave Me A Lift—Neighbour—Borrowed Our Instalment!

30s.: Mrs. F. Bates, 330, Canterbury Street, Gillingham, Kent.
Down Came A Kind And—Auntie Wielded *Tarpot* Threateningly!

30s.: W. Brett, 120, New Bank Road, Blackburn.
Made A Big Hole—Council's Workmen—Between Craters!

30s.: Mrs. M. Cartwright, 24, Olive Drive, Neston, Wirral.
Startling Hitler—Attacks "Bridges," Not Channel.

30s.: W. Nightingale, 91, High Street, Steyning, Sussex.
London—Heap Of *Trouble*, Hitler!

30s.: J. S. Reid, 29, Giffnock Park Av., Giffnock, Glasgow.
At Hitler's Ports—"Hit And *Ruin*" Raids.

30s.: A. L. Seagrave, 29, Cornerswell Road, Penarth, Glam.
Startling Swank—Guest Arrived, Breathing *Onions*!

30s.: J. Walker, 49, Norman Road, Runcorn (P.C.)
When Wifey's Asleep—Even Tube Porter Tiptoes!

Lot of 25 winners of Christmas Turkeys can be seen at these offices and 1,000 3-in-1 Merit Awards have been posted. The letters "P.C." after a winner's name denote that successful effort was submitted on a Prize Coupon.

THIS WAY FOR WINNING "BULLETS"!

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to the *Examples* which appeal to you—if your words are apt and fit the chosen *Example* you are well on the way to success.

Study this week's prize *Bullets* on left and then get busy. One of *your Bullets* posted on or before Nov. 16 may well bring you that £100 First Prize!

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

NATION OF BULLDOGS
OUT OF GERMANY
BLOT ON THE WORLD
WAR-TIME CHANGES
WON'T IT BE LOVELY WHEN
SAFE AND SOUND
MARCHING ON
IN SECRET
IT'S A LIE, SO
THANKS TO THE GOVERNMENT
ROOM FOR MORE
EXPLAINS A LOT
SHOWS HE'S A FUNK
MAN WHO'S FAILED
GETS ME DOWN
COMMON CLAY
SHOT DOWN
FOR PEACE
NIGHT OF TERROR
READY FOR CHRISTMAS

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Smashing ..... When Britain ....
Millions Of ..... Reward For .....
Hurrying To..... Upset The.....

20 BONUSES each value £1

The 20 entrants whose sets of FOUR "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit will each receive Bonus Award value £1.

£50 REWARD FOR X-WORDERS

AS announced last week, *John Bull* is now concentrating all prize-money on *Bullets*. Greatly increased prizes are offered in this entertaining contest. Exclusively for Crosswords taking up *Bullets*, there is a new £50 cash Reward. If you entered for any of the last three Crossword Contests (Nos. 224, 225, or 226), place letter "X" after your name on *Bullets* coupon. Reward will be equally divided between entrants thus qualified who win ANY prize in *Bullets* Nos. 1,246, 1,247, or 1,248.

Crosswords should note that all Entry Vouchers issued in connection with Crosswords are now, of course, eligible for *Bullets*—and that Crossword No. 225 result appears on page 22.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EX.
B
EX.
B.

LAST 2 EFFORTS FREE WITH 4 PAID, THUS GIVING 6 SHOTS FOR 1s.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. Value..... No.....

1,247 Closing Postmark SAT., NOV. 16

Signed .....

Address .....

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of POST-FREE BULLETIN

To Secure Your Bulletin.

ADDRESS adjoining label fully to yourself, affix 1d. stamp to space provided and thus obtain your POST-FREE Bulletin with special help for Crosswords. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your invaluable guide to success.

CLEAR BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

60

STAMPS may be used as ENTRY-FEE—stick them to this form and enclose with your *Bullets* Entry.

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 1d. FOR EACH "BULLET" ENTERED.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

John Bull's great Xmas Gift to You

Written 2-YEAR GUARANTEE with this PEN
ONE OR BOTH SETS take your choice
Written 5-YEAR GUARANTEE with this SET
ALL BRITISH MADE
POST at ONCE!

HERE, for every reader, is the most remarkable gift opportunity of the year. "John Bull" invites you to accept one or both of these magnificent offers, and presents you with two Free Christmas Gift Vouchers—one value 2/6, the other value 7/0—which will be accepted by "John Bull" as cash in part payment. Don't risk missing the greatest of war-time gifts. For yourself and for your friends in the Forces, and for the family you could not choose a more useful or more lasting present. There will be a tremendous demand. Post Coupon and Free Vouchers at once!

John Bull VALUE 2/6

Xmas Gift Voucher

This Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- lever filling fountain pen. Voucher must be accompanied by a postal order for 3/10, which includes postage and insurance.

John Bull VALUE 7/-

Xmas Gift Voucher

This Voucher will be accepted as 7/- in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set de-luxe. Voucher must be accompanied by a postal order for 5/10, which includes postage and insurance.

A FREE 2/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/- lever filling fountain pen. The raven-black pen, handsomely chased, is fitted with a 14-ct. SOLID GOLD nib tipped with iridium.

Written 2-year Guarantee with this Pen.

A FREE 7/- GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 7/- cash in part payment of "John Bull's" Writing Set de-luxe. The lever filling pen is fitted with a large 14-ct. SOLID GOLD nib, iridium tipped. Both pen and pencil embellished with inlaid 18-ct. ROLLED GOLD bands—complete in presentation case.

Written 5-year Guarantee with this Set.

"John Bull's" Christmas Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filling Fountain Pen. I enclose P.O. for 2/6, plus 4d. for postage and insurance, making 3/10 in all.

FINE—MEDIUM—BROAD. ‖ Cross out grades of nib NOT required. FINE—MEDIUM—BROAD.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/- which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/6, plus 4d. for postage and insurance, making 5/10 in all.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/4 only.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

Write clearly in Block Letters. 9-11-40

Cross Cheques or Postal Orders /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

I Hereby Certify

That I have been suffering from severe NERVE TROUBLE for 25 YEARS

As A Last Resource I Tried

YEAST-VITE

BRAND TONIC

A DEFINITE HELP TO ALL WHO SUFFER FROM NERVE STRAIN

Bromley, Kent.
Oct. 6th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I hereby certify that I have been suffering from severe nerve trouble for 25 years, during the whole of which time I have been completely incapacitated through such.

I have been under continual treatment at several hospitals, unfortunately without any improvement, and have had all kinds of medicines and treatments. Since the intensive air raids, as a last resource I tried Yeast-Vite. I consider them to be a definite help to all who suffer from nerve strain or stress.

(Signed) J. W.

P.S.—You are at liberty to give my name and address to anyone who questions the validity of this statement, but do not publish name and address.

"Your Wonderful Yeast-Vite Tablets".

Bristol, 5. 9th Oct., 1940.

Dear Sirs,

Just a line to say that I have derived great benefit by taking your wonderful Yeast-Vite tablets I would like to say that I recommend your Yeast-Vite tablets at every opportunity.

(Sgd.) Mr. E. M.

"AFTER 2 TABLETS ACIDITY IMPROVED"

Denmark Hill, S.E.5. October 1st, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

My son suffered from acidity after every meal. I recommended Yeast-Vite, and after the first two tablets the acidity improved, and now he takes two after meals and is almost free of it.

I have given several tablets to friends, who express satisfaction.

(Sgd.) Mrs. N. E.

Brixton Hill, S.W.2.
August 21st, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

My husband and self have found Yeast-Vite Tablets beneficial during these trying times.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) Mrs. J. S.

"They Are Wonderful"

London, N.W.1. Oct. 1st, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I am feeling much better after taking your tablets. They are wonderful. My fellow workers in the canteen are amazed at my change; they say that I am looking much better. My friends say they would like to try them as they are in need of a tonic, and I have told them that if they can put me right they will do the same for them. Do you think you could send me four or five samples so that I could share them out among my friends? I should like them to see what your tablets can do. I hope it is not asking too much. I know you will do your best for me. I only wish I could afford to buy a few bottles, but I have only 1/6 left after I send mother 4/0 and pay my laundry.

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) Mr. B. Y.

Have You Ever Read This Offer?

Have you ever actually accepted our world-famous "No Relief—No Pay" offer? Do so NOW! If you are feeling Run-Down, Out of Sorts, Headachy, Rheumatic, or in any way below par, get a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite AT ONCE.

If you don't feel better QUICKLY, simply return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded at once and in full.

Yeast-Vite Brand Tonic Tablets, 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Sold everywhere.

Backache

PAIN fades out as SLOANS soaks in

Backache and lumbago are bad enough if you can lay up, but when there's work that *must* be done they are sheer torture. Don't suffer. Simply apply Sloans to your aching back. Almost at once you feel a soothing warmth. Then the pain begins to fade away and soon stops. Sloans relieves pain in the most natural way by stimulating the circulation and thus dispersing the congestion that causes the pain.

Here's the Pain Where's the SLOANS?

Try Sloans and you will understand why for fifty years it has been famed for its wonderful power to KILL PAIN.

Apply Sloans just where you feel the pain for quick relief from RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, BACKACHE, SPRAINS, CRAMP, CHEST COLDS, MUSCULAR AND NERVE PAINS

Get a bottle of Sloans Liniment to-day. Sold by all Chemists.

SLOANS Liniment KILLS PAIN

Aren't You Tired of Constant PAINS? AFTER MEALS?

You may say "I have tried almost everything without getting relief from Stomach Trouble. "But have you tried **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder!** No form of Indigestion or Stomach Trouble withstands the beneficient effects of this famous remedy. Not only does it protect your delicate stomach lining against acid, but it also safeguards against renewed attacks, sweetens the whole digestive tract and acts as a wonderful tonic on the entire digestive function.

END
INDIGESTION
BILIOUSNESS
ACIDITY
HEARTBURN
FLATULENCE
STOMACH PAIN
PALPITATION

GREAT OPPORTUNITY

Do something about that fierce pain NOW. Get a 1/5 bottle of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder TODAY. If you are not completely satisfied with the results, return empty carton to Macleans, Great West Road, Brentford and your money will be refunded in full. BUT REMEMBER, MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is only genuine when the signature 'Alex C. Maclean' appears on bottle, carton or tin.

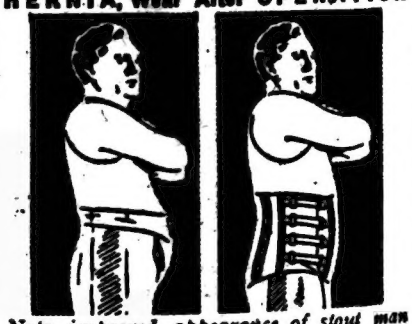
Alex C. Maclean

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder
From all Chemists
1/5, 2/3, 5/7½
per bottle

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Tablets
In Handy Pocket Tins 7d.
In Bottles 1/5 and 2/3
including Purchase Tax

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect support for OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, RUPTURE, HERNIA, Wear After OPERATION



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for FREE Booklet and name of local Fitter.

SPENCER

Individually Designed Corsets, Abdominal Belts, and Surgical Supports.

Branch Offices and Fitting Rooms:
LONDON: 2, Sanford St. (Nr. Old Broad St.), W.1. Tel. Regent 2788
GLASGOW: 96, St. Vincent St., C.2. Central 6888
LIVERPOOL: 79, Church St., 1. Royal 6888
EDINBURGH: 58a, George St., 2. Edinburgh 24888
BRISTOL: 60a, Queens Rd., Clifton, 8. Bristol 24888
MANCHESTER: 32a, King St., 2. Blackfriars 6070
LEEDS: 8, Bond St., 1. Leeds 20888

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F. 73 | J.B.L. 140 | ★ 136